

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2905.—VOL. CV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6*½*d.



"MISTLETOE."

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

To get the views of a man of genius upon the merits of others of the same high mental calibre is as rare as it is refreshing. His position is such that he can express himself without fear of ridicule, even though his judgment differs from that of the critics, and in this respect he is especially welcome to those who have long held similar opinions in judicious silence. There is no less of pretence and hypocrisy in literature than in other matters, and perhaps even more of cowardice. A man of mere ordinary reputation who professes to admire a work that is not generally thought much of is excused upon the ground of eccentricity—or peculiarity of taste—but a man who confesses that he does not admire what has received the hall-mark of criticism for generations is treated with ridicule or contempt. Yet everyone has a right to his own opinion, which is not necessarily wrong because it differs from that of certain self-appointed authorities who happen to have obtained possession of the public ear. Literature is not an exact science, where blame or praise can be awarded with certainty; and, indeed, neither the blame nor the praise depends upon the judgment, but mainly upon the taste. Only a very few critics—such as Leigh Hunt—have had a catholic taste, or, on the other hand, have been free from personal prejudice. It seems inexplicable, for example, that Macaulay—though he had so very small a sense of humour—could seriously see nothing to admire in "Martin Chuzzlewit," save to those of us who are old enough to remember what Dickens wrote (in *Household Words*) about Macaulay. One cannot help thinking that the unqualified praise given by the historian to Miss Austen was, in fact, due in part to the spirit of the partisan. His admiration for her novels, it is true, was, and still is, shared by many eminent persons, but it is not too much to say that the ordinary reader feels himself ridden over roughshod by it. It is here that an individual like Charlotte Brontë comes to his aid by confessing that for her part she finds those "romances of the tea-table" not very entertaining. Nothing can be more modest than her way of putting it, but the ordinary reader dares not say half as much in the teeth of opinion. I know one such person at least who earnestly wishes for conversion, but with bated breath confides to me that he has tackled "Pride and Prejudice" six times and never yet got to the end of it. The people described may be as like as life, he says, but they have not the smallest interest for him, while the atmosphere of gentility in which they live is more repulsive to him than vulgarity, and without its fun. It is no use arguing with dissenters of this kind, but it is not right to persecute them.

In the new edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, we read again that delightful writer's opinion upon various authors concerning whom lesser folk keep silence through fear. A man of his genius does not, of course, fall into the usual error of speaking of Scott's works as though they were all of equal merit. "At times his characters speak with something far beyond propriety—with a true heroic note; but in the next page they will be wading wearily forward with an undramatic rigmarole of words." How does it happen, he inquires, that the man "who had not only splendid romantic but splendid tragic gifts so often bores us with languid twaddle?" This, coming from such a source, to some extent excuses the indifference of the rising generation to the charms of the Wizard of the North, and it is just as well that the explanation should be afforded us. If Mr. Stevenson finds (alas! "found" we must now say) Scott at times tedious, why should not the ordinary reader? Curiously enough, so great a lover of romance and adventure did not greatly admire "Monte Cristo": he thought it, "after once the treasure has been discovered, one long-drawn error—gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull." One quite agrees with him that the story does fall off at that point, chiefly from the multiplicity of characters represented, and many of them in the second generation; but what can equal the excitement and dramatic interest of the Château d'If, a narrative that unites the simplicity of "Robinson Crusoe" with the ingenuity of Edgar Allan Poe! Yet both Mr. Stevenson and Thackeray preferred "The Three Musketeers" to it—the former, indeed, making D'Artagnan his favourite hero in all fiction. Thackeray thought Cooper's "Leather Stocking" better than the best of "Scott's lot," and honestly confessed it. We may not agree with him, but we admire the courage which bade him say so almost as much as the genius which gave him the courage. How many a wearied reader of "Tristram Shandy," earnestly desiring to admire it, has derived encouragement and solace from Horace Walpole's quiet remark: "I found it most intolerably tedious!"

A history of the novel is no more likely to delight the novel-reader than an essay on wit to tickle his heart-strings. It is quite as difficult to make it interesting as the writing of a history about anything else, and those who expect excitement and amusement from Mr. Walter Raleigh's account of the birth and parentage of the fiction that amuses and excites us now that it has grown up will

necessarily be disappointed. It is a considerable feat to have made it not only interesting but entertaining, which Mr. Raleigh has accomplished. The early romances, though to them is owed the existence of the novel, were dull as ditch-water, and tedious beyond expression. Their very titles, such as "The Delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria," were as verbose as their contents. One is tempted to implore their authors "to leave off making those damnable faces and begin" when they are half through what they are pleased to call their stories. One scarcely knows whether the classical or the pictorial romances were the more intolerable; they were, however, certainly not commonplace, since they resembled real life in nothing. Think of this for an attractive commencement of a novel: "My name is Artobanes; I was born in the reign of Oroses, the present King of Porthia, who is also called Arsaces. I had my education with Oroses' son, the Prince Pacorus. My father, whose name was Moneses," etc. Even our present autobiographies do not go into such details about themselves and their belongings as this; yet these early romances seem to have been very popular, simply, one supposes, because there was nothing else to be got.

The founder of the realistic novel in England—in other words, the first describer of real life—was Defoe. His "Robinson Crusoe," though a story without a heroine, will probably outlive every novel that ever was written. Mr. Raleigh points out how Swift borrowed his methods in describing Gulliver and the Lilliputians. Richardson was also one of Defoe's followers as regards realism—though it was of a very different kind—and, indeed, prefacing his "Pamela" with the expression of a hope that it might possibly "turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of virtue." One weakness of the romancers, however, Richardson never got rid of: he was as tedious in his way as the author of the "Grand Cyrus." His method of telling a story by letters is the worst that ever was hit upon: the thread of dramatic interest, never very strong in his tales, is continually being cut and has to be renewed again. "Pamela," however, produced "Joseph Andrews," "the starting-point of a new school of fiction," which described men as they are, and not only as they ought to be. In much that Mr. Raleigh says of Fielding's excellence one is glad to agree, but it is curious to hear him saying "There can be no better school for a novelist than is afforded by a study of Fielding's plots." It seems to me that Fielding never had a plot; his stories, so far as that goes, are a mere string of adventures, while he is so indolent or unimaginative as to make one incident—someone in a cupboard who would make an important witness in a divorce case—occur three times over. It is strange indeed how very long it was before novels were made interesting as stories. There is hardly any attempt to make them so till the eighteenth century, and then only in "the romances of the tea-table," as the works of Miss Burney, Miss Austen, and their school have not been inaptly termed. It was Walter Scott who first showed us how to combine description of character with plot and incident, and in this he has never been surpassed. Mr. Raleigh's literary judgments are generally excellent and excellently expressed, but upon the authors with whom he deals most readers have long made up their minds. The reading of this "History of the Novel" should not only inform us of many things, but, dealing as it does with so many dynasties of fiction—each in its day bidding fair to last for ever—should teach us, if not catholicity of taste, at least a courteous charity towards those whose taste is not our own. Of the influence of small writers upon great ones Mr. Raleigh gives us some curious examples, the most remarkable of which, perhaps, is that of the authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" over the author of "Lara." "The man that Lord Byron tried to be was the invention of Mrs. Radcliffe."

The prices now paid for fiction are phenomenal, but there are a good many exceptions. At the end of a story of ten closely printed pages in a current periodical I read this interesting statement by its editor: "This beautiful and instructive tale should be issued in separate form. The publication in our journal of original manuscripts is an advantage to enterprising publishers, one of whom, we trust, will publish this, well illustrated, as it deserves to be." As an example of cheap copy—for civility costs nothing—this probably beats the record.

The newspaper correspondence that has been going on as regards the courtesy, or the want of it, across the counter, does not paint shopping in such attractive colours as it is supposed to wear. With the ladies, doubtless, it will still retain its popularity: they don't mind a little trouble—especially the giving it—and think the inconveniences of this pursuit, like fox-hunters in wet weather, amply repaid by its delights; but, strange to say, it is the male customer who takes the leading part in the present controversy. He must be a rare bird, for except a few of our gilt youth to whom the tailor's shop is a favourite lounge, I know few men who do any shopping they can help. At the doors, indeed, of the various co-operative

stores towards closing time may be seen considerable numbers of the male sex, laden with parcels. But they have had no hand in purchasing their contents; that is done by their wives, by whom these docile creatures are subsequently made useful as beasts of burden. As to one's going into a shop and saying, "I want some gloves; give me some at one and elevenpence," and on its being suggested that they are not very good at that price, replying, "Then what do you mean by putting them in your window?"—such a conversation seems unnaturally acute. For my part, I am glad to get my gloves at any price and be off. Rather than haggle with a shopman I should be content to go without gloves, though I am told by the works on etiquette that they are indispensable. Such, however, is the account given by a customer of his commercial experience.

Others, though of quite a different stamp from that of this very outspoken person, complain of the grandeur of our modern establishments, at which they scarcely dare to ask for a pair of socks, so disdainfully are they regarded by that magnificent personage with the buttonhole, the shopwalker. Others complain that they are talked into buying more expensive things than they can afford, and even things they do not want. They must either belong to that class who "find it very hard to say No," or the shopkeepers with whom they deal must be exceptionally eloquent, like the gentleman of whom it was written—

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,  
And he has chambers in the King's Bench walks.

It is even stated that a customer who saw boots advertised in a window at four and elevenpence halfpenny was absolutely denied a look at them, the shopkeeper observing that he was not going to upset the whole shop-window to provide one man with a pair of overcheap shoes; a remark that reminds one of the reply of the bus conductor in *Punch* to the fidgety passenger who had dropped a coin into the door, that he really could not turn the bus bottom upwards for the sake of a fourpenny-piece. As to the importunities of the shop people which are so much complained of, there seems to be some affectation in the matter. One has to listen in much higher circles to very uninteresting conversation, from which escape is much more difficult. Indeed, the only shop where, so far as I know, one is what in the hunting field is called "pounded," is that of the hair-cutter. When once in his chair, with his sharp scissors about our ears, or with our head being brushed by machinery, we have to listen to his laudations of oils and washes; but taken in the proper spirit, his remarks are complimentary. He cannot think we are so old as we are, or he would never try to persuade us that anything can keep our hair on in the autumn of life that would not have as great success with the falling leaves. If you are brutal enough to wish to crush him you have only to inquire if creams and ointments, however costly, can prevent persons growing bald, how it comes that this misfortune happens to crowned heads as commonly as to those who wear billycocks.

The late revival of business in the City after a long interval, during which everything has been undesirably "quiet," has, it is said, almost reminded folks of the palmy days of the railway mania, when anyone who could use a theodolite or carry a chain became a surveyor. I suppose there never was a time when so many people found money in their pockets which had never been there before; and it was all ready money. The plans had to be deposited at a certain date, and cost was of no consequence as compared with promptness and punctuality. It was the only occasion when young men, in their own opinion, were remunerated according to their deserts. Ten and fifteen guineas a day were given to mere boys with the slightest knowledge of surveying, while those who had any reputation as engineers could command their own terms. It was said that all the officers of the scientific corps applied simultaneously for leave "on urgent private affairs," and made more money in a month than in a year's service. I remember when the boom was all over and before the reaction had begun, ten young civil engineers devising a dinner at the Clarendon "which should be the most expensive" yet given in that costly hotel; I think they managed to raise the charge to ten guineas a head. And a very bad dinner it was, one of the guests told me, since everything was designedly out of season. In after years many of those young gentlemen would have been glad even of one of those wasted guineas, but these unaccustomed gains "burnt," as the children say, "in their pockets." Nothing quite equal to this short-lived prosperity has befallen the City, but the sudden influx of business has caused a similar rise in the payment of subordinates. It is said that some clerks have had headaches which precluded their attention to their duties with their ordinary employers till the evening, but allowed of their doing a little work in the daytime for rival stockbrokers. On the other hand, it is reported that men with many clerks have let them out at a high rate of wages to neighbours who have been less well provided, and pocketed the difference of their pay. Such are the legends which, when in good spirits, the sons of scrip and share invent for their own amusement.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE WEDDING AT EATON HALL.

Our last week's publication contained some account of the wedding of Prince Adolphus of Teck, son of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck and brother of the Duchess of York, to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. This marriage, which took place in the private chapel of Eaton Hall, near Chester, on Wednesday, Dec. 12, was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Cambridge; among the guests were the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Lorne, and several others of the nobility, the Bishop of Chester, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Of Eaton Hall, one of the most superb residences of English aristocracy, a description, with some illustrative views, appeared in our last.

The scene in the private chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants from the conservatories, and was thronged with a congregation of ladies and gentlemen suitably attired, was highly effective. The bride, given away by the Duke her father, wore a wedding-gown of rich ivory "duchesse" satin, with a full Court train of lace and satin, ending with bouquets of orange-blossoms and myrtle-sprigs, with a head-wreath of orange-blossoms and myrtle, a lace veil which the Duchess of Teck and the Duchess of York had worn at their weddings, a superb crescent of diamonds and pearls given her by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a bouquet of rare flowers with white satin streamers in her hand. The bridegroom wore his uniform as a lieutenant of the 17th Lancers, which regiment supplied a guard of honour in the chapel. There were six bridesmaids, young ladies of the Grosvenor family, a daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde and a daughter of Lord Chesham, nieces of the bride, in dresses of ivory-white silk with girdles, collars, and cuffs of sky-blue velvet, wearing also hats of ivory-white felt, with soft round Tudor crowns of pale sky-blue velvet, the brims caught up with groups of snowy ostrich plumes. The present from Prince Adolphus to each bridesmaid was a heart brooch of blue and white enamel, and nosegay of pink carnations in foliage. The religious ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, vicar of Kensington, the Rev. Canon Morris, chaplain to the Duke of Westminster, and the Rev. G. A. Robins, rector of Eccleston, with a choir from Chester Cathedral and Dr. J. C. Bridge, the organist. After the wedding there was luncheon, enlivened by the band of the 17th Lancers, in the Marble Hall.

In accordance with the Queen's pleasure the young couple will hereafter bear the title of "their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck."

## THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

With terrible suddenness and in circumstances of tragic pathos, Canada has lost her Prime Minister and the Queen her latest Privy Councillor. On Wednesday, Dec. 12, Sir John Thompson went down to Windsor Castle with Lord Ripon and other Ministers, to be sworn in as a member of the Privy Council—an honour which was bestowed upon his distinguished predecessor in office, Sir John Macdonald, and which was intended in Sir John Thompson's case to mark imperial recognition of his conduct as British arbitrator with the late Lord Hanning in the Behring Sea dispute. Hardly had the Canadian Premier passed from the presence of the Queen when he fell a victim to syncope, from which he had suffered for some little while, and died at the luncheon-table in the Octagon Dining-Room of the Castle, in the presence of the Ministers and members of the royal household. Her Majesty evinced the greatest concern and sympathy, and herself next day accompanied the removal of the coffin in which, after a religious service performed by the Rev. Father

Longinotto, the Roman Catholic priest of Windsor, the body was sent to London. The sad event has, moreover, awakened acute sorrow in official and social circles where the deceased statesman was known and esteemed, and among all classes in the Dominion.

Sir John Thompson, whose brilliant career has thus been cut off in his fiftieth year, was a Colonial statesman

the Royal Colonial Institute on the evening preceding his death, was an earnest plea for a hearty imperial co-operation with Canada and Australasia in the cable and steam-ship projects by which it is hoped to open up a new era of British development in the Pacific. His presence in London at this particular time was chiefly due to his desire to impress upon the Imperial Government Canada's view of the vexed

copyright question; and one of the ablest State papers he ever prepared is that in which the Canadian case is argued. It is also to be recorded to Sir John Thompson's credit that, while an unflinching advocate of Canadian and Imperial interests, he always resisted—and resisted with marked success—even the appearance of aggressiveness in Canada's attitude towards her powerful neighbour, the United States. This was especially shown at the Chamberlain-Bayard Commission of 1887, when the Atlantic Fisheries dispute was under discussion, and at the Behring Sea Arbitration in Paris last year. His judicial calm and clear insight had much to do with the peaceful settlement of both these causes of Anglo-American quarrel. When the sad news of his death reached Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, it was resolved to bring the body of Sir John Thompson from England for interment with a public funeral at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia. The coffin was on Thursday, Dec. 13, removed from Windsor Castle, in the presence of the Queen, who laid two mourning-wreaths upon it with her own hand. The body was embalmed in London by Dr. Charles Bayle; and, Lady Thompson having accepted the proposal of a public funeral at Halifax, her Majesty's Government offered to send the coffin on board H.M.S. *Blenheim*, which has been ordered to come from Gibraltar to Portsmouth for its reception. A requiem for the departed soul, being of the Roman Catholic faith, was chanted at St. James's Church in Spanish Place. The Marquis of Ripon and Lord Hawkesbury, representing the Queen, attended.

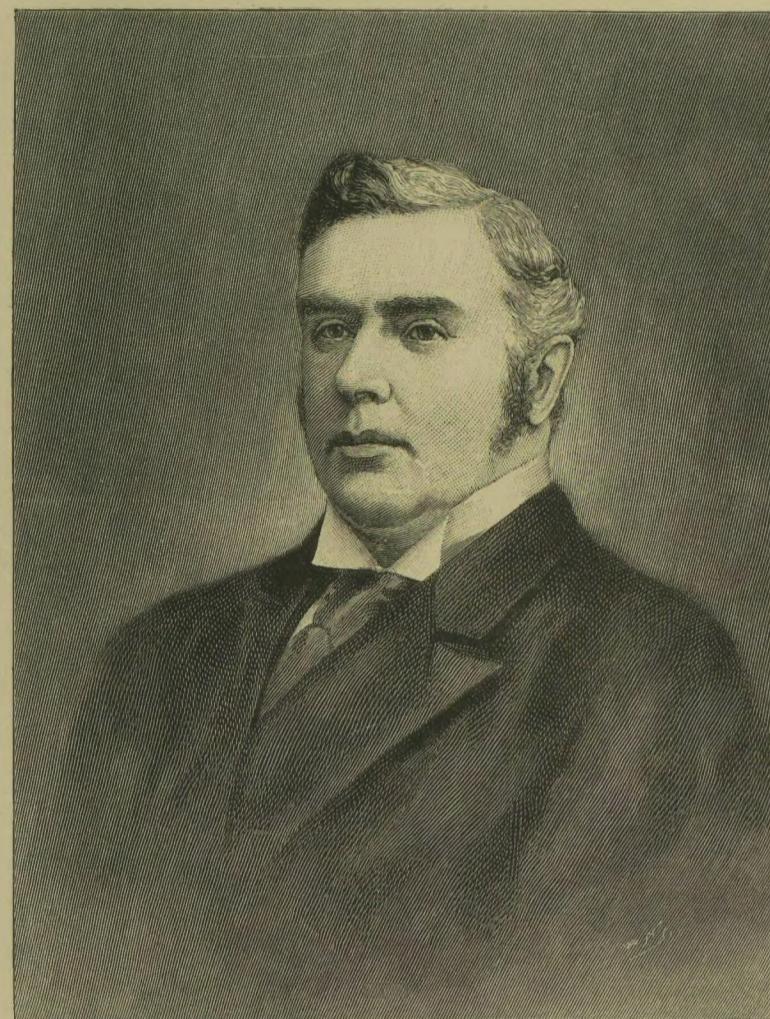
## UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

It is wonderful how closely matched are the inter-Varsity Rugby teams over a long course of years. Including the match

played at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on Dec. 12, Oxford have won eight, Cambridge seven, and the remaining seven have been drawn. Although Oxford were strong favourites for the recent match, and had undeniably the better record for the season, they were rather lucky on the play to make a drawn game—one goal each. The Cambridge forwards played with a dash that upset the calculations of the lighter Oxonians, whose backs never fairly got to work. Chief among the Cambridge team was

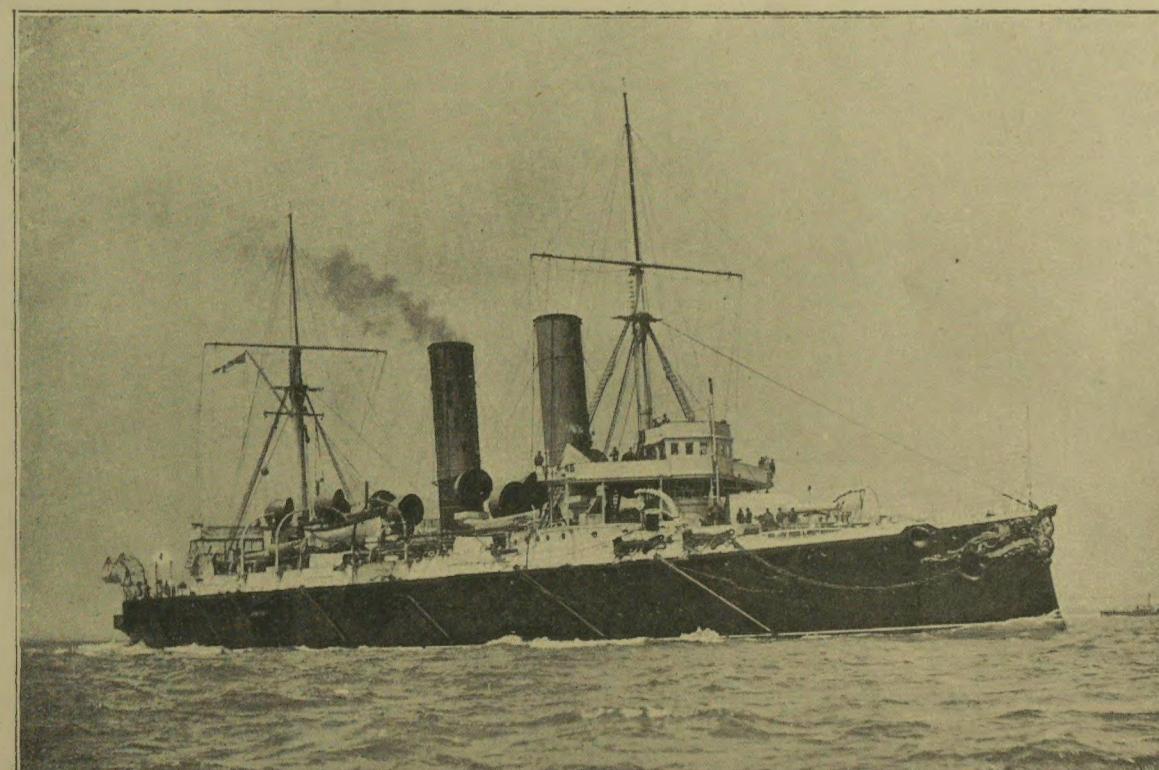
their captain, Mr. W. E. Tucker. As a forward of the robust type Mr. Tucker is probably unexcelled at the present day. Prominent along with him might be mentioned F. Mitchell, the well-known cricketer. These two have since distinguished themselves playing for the South against the North at Blackheath. Cambridge were fortunate in being able to secure the services of E. Field at the eleventh hour. At half-back P. G. Jacob and S. P. Bell quite held their own against the more famous pair on the other side. The three-quarter backs, without exception, were strong runners and resolute tacklers, but their combination was not of the best. But for the exceptionally strong defence of the Oxford half-backs, matters would have gone badly for the Dark Blues. W. P. Donaldson was probably the most distinguished player on the ground, and he was ably supported by R. H.

Baiss. At three-quarter back A. R. Smith was perhaps the pick of the quartet, who got very few chances to score. It was W. L. Thomas, the Welsh international, who scored Oxford's try, while E. M. Baker and F. Leslie-Jones both acquitted themselves well. G. M. Carey made heroic efforts to stiffen up his forwards, and he was ably assisted by F. O. Poole and A. Gibson, but the Oxford forwards, as a whole, played much below their true form and below their reputation.



THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G.,  
PRIME MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

of exceptional attainments and high personal character. Trained as a lawyer in his native province of Nova Scotia, he first attained fame as counsel for the United States before the Fishery Commission, under the Washington Treaty, and as Attorney-General, Premier, and then Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. In 1885 he was called by Sir John Macdonald into Federal affairs as Dominion Minister of Justice, and showed such quiet strength of character and statesmanship that when



H.M.S. "BLENHEIM," WHICH CONVEYS THE REMAINS OF THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON TO HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Sir John Macdonald died in 1891 he became practically the leader of the Dominion Ministerial party, and in the following year formally assumed the Premiership. Pursuing the lines of policy laid down during Sir John Macdonald's long period of office, Sir John Thompson proved himself to be a strong and successful leader, ever loyal to Canada's national interests and eager to strengthen the ties binding her to the mother land and the sister colonies. His last public speech, made before



*Photo by the Falk Studio, Sydney.*

BORN NOV. 13, 1850.

DIED DEC. 3, 1894.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, NOVELIST AND POET

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

He is gone, our Prince of story-tellers—such a Prince, indeed, as his own Florizel of Bohemia, with the insatiable taste for weird adventure, for *diablerie*, for a strange mixture of metaphysics and romance. The suddenness of his end was a shock to all, though the old hog with the abhorred shears had been hovering over his devoted head so long. That teeming brain was struck in an instant by paralysis, due, it is hinted, to overwork and to the haunting dread that his popularity was failing. Failing! How could such a misconception arise? For two or three years past we have all been looking confidently for a book which should embrace every quality of his genius in full perfection. "The Ebb-Tide" did not please everybody, because it needs a considerable effort of imagination for the highly respectable critic in London town to attune his mind to the prolific rascality of the Southern Seas. In Polynesia Stevenson found those elements of humanity for which Tommy Atkins sighs in Mr. Kipling's ballad—

Oh, ship me east of Suez, where the best is as the worst,  
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,  
and a man can raise a thirst!

These conditions seem to be amply satisfied by life in the Pacific. But if the characters in "The Ebb-Tide" do "something smack" on the palate of the critic who pays rates and taxes and has a horror of the police-court, who can deny the incomparable beauty of the style, the inexhaustible play of fancy, the intellect in every page? No, there never was any danger of failing popularity; but it is easy to believe that Stevenson suffered the pangs of the artist more than his fellows, that he knew his public loved him better when his imagination roamed this hemisphere and not the other, and especially when it drew its stimulus from its native heather. To live in Samoa, but traverse the Old World in perpetual thought, seeking some vein of invention more homely to the reader who cares little about the Pacific—it is possible that this destiny was a fatal whetstone to that brilliant sword which has worn out the frail and shattered scabbard at last.

And yet this brilliant career seems to have begun but yesterday. Stevenson did not bound into fame. He was writing delightful essays and sketches of travel before the great world knew much of him, though readers who are alive to the subtlest qualities of style were wondering what developments would spring out of the delicate humour and observation of that journey "With a Donkey in the Cevennes." Some of us can never see a donkey now

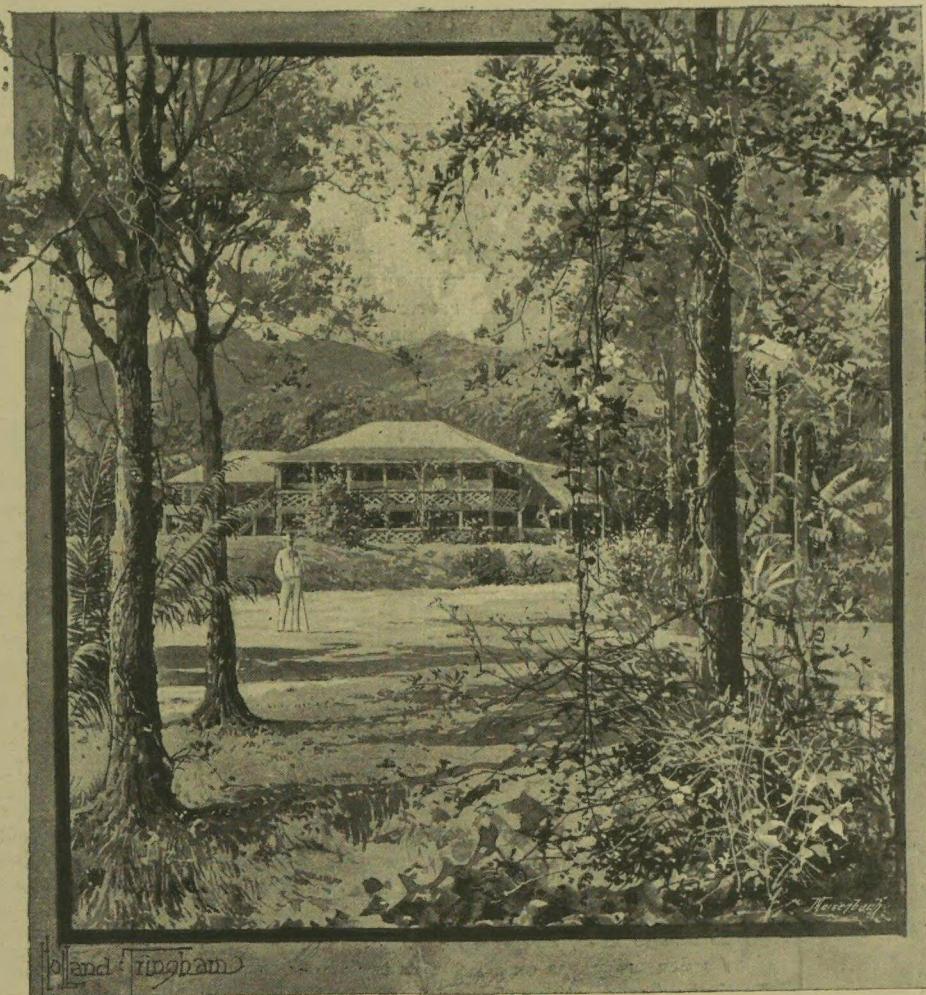
burlesque of Sterne in the namby-pamby mood. But it was eleven years ago, when Stevenson was thirty-three, that he struck into romance, and "Treasure Island" began to grow into the affections of old and young. He had long given up the law, though it was part of his heritage from Scott that he should have been apprenticed

imaginative reader with terror. There is nothing in Stevenson like it except the last scene in "The Master of Ballantrae," when the sinister genius of the house of Durrisdeer is taken out of his grave by his Oriental familiar, and recovers life enough to cast one last look of hate at his unfortunate brother. For tragedy

of this kind Stevenson had an almost unholy gift. Certainly he was more successful here than in "Prince Otto," a book manifestly written under the influence of George Meredith—Stevenson was proud of calling himself "a true blue Meredithian"—and perhaps the only book which shows distinct traces of labour and artifice. Yet "Prince Otto" is memorable, if only for the soldier of fortune who has a theory that the union of sound theology with daredevil morals is the one true guide in life. In "Prince Otto" Stevenson made almost his single effort to draw the complex nature of a woman, with very small success. Women have no dominion in his romances. Their appearances are few and fugitive; and the amazing fact that we never miss them is, perhaps, the highest tribute to his power.

In his later years Stevenson assimilated two new influences. He married a lady whose literary capacity manifested itself in collaboration with him in one of the most bizarre of his works, "The Dynamiter." His stepson, Mr. Lloyd-Osbourne, has been his partner in several ventures—notably "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide." Delicate health compelled him to make his home in Samoa, and he found time to interest himself in the politics of that island, greatly to the disgust of certain high and mighty Commissioners. He has left at least one complete novel for publication, and the fragments of others are eagerly awaited by a multitude of readers in Britain and America who have come to prize every creation of his undaunted spirit. That a considerable portion

of his writings will be classic there can be little doubt. The marvellous style ensures that; for since the death



MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOME, VAILIMA, SAMOA.

to a Writer to the Signet in his native Edinburgh, where he was born in 1850. Scott used to say that his professional avocations as a lawyer had given him stability; but then we know that he regarded literature as a crutch, not as the single staff of a man's life. To Stevenson letters were an absorbing passion. He has told us how he taught himself to write, how that style, at once simple and ornate, the mirror of every colour in earth or sky, was created. He lived with words, transmuting great models with laborious alchemy into that instrument of expression which bore the supreme stamp of his mind. And in "Treasure Island" we saw not only a mastery of narrative, but an extraordinary sense of impressive personality, a power of making characters live; so that Long John Silver, that peerless

ruffian, and David Pew, that blind image of iniquity, are more real and vivid to us than many historical villains who filled these islands with blood, and whose crimes a beneficent fate has in some instances turned to goodly ends, which we now enjoy. Here was an imagination of extraordinary grasp, but little did we suspect its versatility. There is no manner of likeness between "Treasure Island" and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the story which probably established Stevenson's reputation on the

REduced facsimile of a page of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's MS. of "The Beach of Falesá."

Originally published in "The Illustrated London News."

He awoke and sat upright in bed.  
"Did you speak any English?" said he.  
"French," said he.  
"Well," said he, "I am sorry, but I can't do anything there."  
He took me aside in the French, and then again in English, which he seemed to think was the best choice. I made out as well as the time would, the time of day allowing, but had something to communicate, and I listened to him. I heard the names of [redacted] and Randall—Randall the officer, and the word "prison" or something like it, and a native word which I did not very often. I went home reflecting it to myself.  
"What does purple other mean?" I asked of Vinea; for that was as near as I could come to it.  
"Mistletoe," said she.  
"The lark it does?" said I. "Did ever you hear that?"  
"I have," said Vinea, "a very poor old woman from Adams."  
"Many men are sorry that," said Vinea, "mistletoe is so bad and bad and it gets the little still. Suppose he gave you gold, give me back him."  
"How I have heard much the same sort of story in the islands, and the same words, powder always to the front, which made me think the long night. For all that I went over to Randall's place, to see if I could find anything, and found (as on the hours after cleaning) a man.  
"Good morning here?" said I.  
"Aye," said he, "the house is full of all kinds of birds. I might often come and play," said he, "I might sleep," but this didn't seem anything doing.  
"I am in black jail in the store, having a customer."  
"That's the little business, though," said he.  
"This is the first sale we've made in these weeks," said he.  
"You don't tell me?" said I. "How nicely! Well, well."  
"If you don't believe me," he said, "a little bit," you can go and look at the open houses. We half empty & to the blessed house."  
"I should be much the better for that," you are," said I. "For all I can tell, it might have been whole empty yesterday."  
"That's so," said he, with a bit of a laugh.  
"By the by," said I, "what sort of a party is the priest? Samoans rather on friendly sort?"



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT WORK.

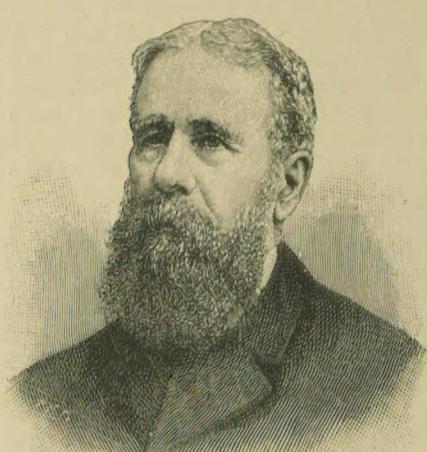
without thinking of the animal which moved Stevenson to a humour that owed something to Sterne perhaps, and yet was a sly travesty of Sterne's famous meditation over a donkey's carcass. Modestine would not move without a goad, and the sentimental agony of the traveller who was forced to provide himself with that stimulus to his companion's energies is an exquisite

broadest basis. People who have scant relish for artistic fiction, but very much for a moral, read and expounded this tale to docile congregations. It might be described in this connection as a metaphysical, pathological, super-romantic tract. The duality of good and evil in all of us was depicted with a fantastic yet circumstantial deliberation which filled the least

of Thackeray no man has written such enchanting prose. And the hand that wrote "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" has left no peer in the romance which traces its pedigree to Scott and Dumas.

## PERSONAL.

Sir Oswald Brierly, whose death took place in London on Dec. 14, was in many ways a remarkable man, although as a painter he could scarcely claim a place in the front rank. He was born two years after the battle of Waterloo had insured the peace of Europe for nearly half a century, and the only opening for a venturesome lad of mettle was in the New World. When he was scarcely more than four-and-twenty years of age



THE LATE SIR OSWALD WALTERS BRIERLY.

he went out to New South Wales—then recently brought into notoriety as a penal settlement. For years Oswald Brierly lived just on the confines of the districts still occupied by often hostile and oftener knavish natives. He exercised the duties of magistrate as well as of "Warden of the Marches," and gained the esteem of the Governor. From Australia he wandered off to New Zealand, and thence to the Eastern Archipelago, picking up knowledge, making sketches, but laying no solid basis either of fame or wealth. He had, however, acquired facility with his brush, and when the Crimean War broke out, he volunteered to go out to sketch the doings of the allied fleets—first in the Baltic, and afterwards in the Black Sea. His work was full of spirit, and just caught the public taste of the day; and soon after his return Brierly found himself in possession of the notoriety which he had long sought and always appreciated. He was essentially self-assertive, but genial and kindly withal, ready to help others, provided others did not forget him. His cruise in H.M.S. *Euryalus*, when Prince Alfred (now the Duke of Coburg) made his voyage round the world, was the next step up the ladder of luck; and from this time onward Brierly's career was unchecked. He was elected in succession a member of the old Water Colour Society, Marine Painter to the Queen, and Keeper of the Painted Gallery at Greenwich. He loved the sea and the "Queen's Navee," not only for the renown he reaped from one and the other, but with the true enthusiasm for "bunting" which used to mark every travelled Englishman who had noticed the respect it ensured for these beneath it, and its significance in the eyes of foreigners of every nationality.

The Duke of Bedford has already eclipsed his immediate predecessor in the title by his activity in public life. He made a speech lately in which he avowed himself an opponent of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. It is said that this sentiment, which was delivered on a platform in the town of Bedford, is not popular there. For a duke to express willingness to renounce his privilege as an hereditary legislator struck the local sentiment as unbecoming. However, the Duke of Bedford's opinion on this matter is likely to remain purely academic.

An attempt is being made to bring before the House of Lords the remarkable case of Dr. Anderson, of Trinidad. This gentleman was imprisoned, and lost his practice, owing to a judicial decision which has since been declared by an English jury "a wilful perversion of justice." A verdict for £500 damages was awarded to Dr. Anderson, but the late Lord Coleridge decided that no action for damages could lie against the Trinidad Bench. Dr. Anderson is now seeking an indemnity from Parliament, and a number of people who have taken up his case are anxious to get a favourable decision from the House of Lords in order that his appeal may be made good. A more extraordinary incident has rarely occurred in the history of our jurisprudence.

Mr. Henry Irving made such a huge and instant success with his old Waterloo veteran at the Newport Market Refuge Matinée on Monday (writes Mr. Clement Scott), and Dr. Conan Doyle's pathetic sketch so affected the audience, that I shall not be surprised if an excited public instantly asks for more. Everyone will be talking about it; everyone will want it, and it is the kind of admirable thing that no one should willingly miss. Though, of course, it is not the most important or greatest thing that our premier actor has ever done—for it gives slight dramatic scope—still, as a bit of finished miniature-painting, nothing finer of its kind has ever been seen on the English stage in my memory. I have seen both Regnier and Got, and afterwards Dion Boucicault as the old servant in "La Joie fait Peur," I have seen Leseur in "La Partie de Piquet," I have seen Lafont in "Le Centenaire," but nothing finer in detail and observation than Henry Irving's dying veteran—the old man become child again. On the subject of "The Vicarage" I am unable to speak much, except to state that Charles Mathews and many more good judges told me very frankly that I had utterly spoiled Octave Feuillet's pretty little "Le Village" by changing its scene and its atmosphere, and turning a comic play into a sentimental one. No doubt they are right, but still there is Mrs. Bancroft's picture of the old Vicar's wife, which, to my mind, is one of the most exquisite things in its way that our stage has seen. When I see Mrs. Bancroft as Mrs. Haygarth I am always reminded of Frederick Sandys' picture of old Mrs. Anderson Rose—a masterpiece in portraiture. Mrs. Bancroft is the very poetry of old age.

Miss Ellaline Terriss's resignation of the part of Elaine in the Lyceum "King Arthur" has given an opportunity to Miss Lena Ashwell, an actress who has made rapid progress in a very short period. Elaine is not a conspicuous

figure in Mr. Comyns Carr's play, but offers an opportunity for beautiful suggestions. It is highly probable, indeed, that the spirit of the Arthurian legends, especially the mysticism, will enable Mr. Irving to exhibit in a special degree his capacity for suggesting the poetic atmosphere of his theme.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Why need we mourn his loss?  
His name is with the great;  
Close to the Southern Cross  
He sleeps in matchless state.  
  
Softly the stars shall shower  
Their dewy brilliancies;  
And many a Southern flower  
Shall climb his grave to kiss.  
  
Far down the murmuring river  
Shall join the murmuring surge;  
The haunted winds for ever  
Shall chant his mountain-dirge.  
  
In darkness and in light,  
Until the Crack of Doom,  
The morning and the night  
Shall watch about his tomb.  
  
High over field and fountain,  
Far in a place apart,  
He sleeps on Pala Mountain:  
He lives in every heart.—JOHN DAVIDSON.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Wondrous as though a star with twofold light  
Should fill her lamp for either hemisphere,  
Piercing cold skies with scintillation clear  
While glowing on the sultry Southern night,  
Was miracle of him who could unite  
Pine and the purple harbour of the deer  
With palm-plumed islets that sequestered hear  
The far-off wave their zoning coral smite.  
Still roars the surf, still bounds the herd, but where  
Is one to hear, and see, and tell again?  
As dancers pause on an arrested air  
Stand the fleet creatures of his fruitful brain  
In shade and sadness, dumb as the despair  
Of Britain mourning for her bard in vain.  
RICHARD GARNETT.

It seems that the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria has been in use at the London Fever Hospital since September. The doctors there are very well pleased with their experiments. The treatment has been successful in a number of cases, and in none has it had any injurious effect.

The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, whom Lord Aberdeen has charged to reconstitute the Canadian Ministry, is a very different stamp of man from the leader whom death has so suddenly snatched from the Canadian Premiership.

Sir John Thompson was in the very prime of life; Mr. Bowell has passed the three score years and ten. Sir John Thompson was a staid, unemotional, almost severe lawyer, and a Roman Catholic;

Mr. Bowell has been a lively journalist, and is a Past Grand Master among the Orangemen. Happily, however, there is abundant toleration in Canada for differences of opinion and belief; and in sending for Mr. Bowell Lord Aberdeen has done what was expected of him. He has been in public life from the time of confederation, twenty-seven years ago, for sixteen years has been a member of the Dominion Privy Council, and is now its senior member and the leader of the Senate. As Minister of Customs, and more latterly as Minister of Trade and Commerce, he has kept pace with all Canada's growth in recent years, and his devotion to the national interests of his adopted country has been more than once attested under arms. He is, moreover, an Englishman—a native of Rickingham, in Suffolk. Sir John Macdonald was a Scotchman; Sir John Abbott was a native of French Canada, and Sir John Thompson was a Nova Scotian. It is fitting that the Canadians of English birth should now see one of their own group in power at Ottawa.

There is a special fitness in the selection of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell as Canadian Premier at this moment, even though the appointment should prove only a temporary one. It was his tour in Australia, in the autumn of 1893, that gave rise to the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa in June last, when for the first time in the history of the empire the self-governing colonies came together

upon Colonial soil to inaugurate a movement of inter-colonial co-operation. Mr. Bowell presided over that conference with tact and good sense, and by his individual energy greatly assisted in its success. As Premier he will be able with greater authority to urge upon the Imperial and other Colonial Governments concerned the prompt execution of the wishes of the Conference, especially as regards the steam-ship and cable enterprises in Pacific waters. In his new task at Ottawa Mr. Bowell will have the assistance of nearly all the colleagues of the late Premier, among whom the Hon. George E. Foster, Finance Minister, and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, are prominent.

The late President of the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Auguste Burdeau, who died on Dec. 12, was of humble



Photo by Ogeran.

THE LATE M. BURDEAU,  
President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

ments, unlike that of England, occasionally choose Professors for Ministers of the Education Department. In 1881, when the eminent savant Paul Bert was Gambetta's Minister of Public Instruction, Burdeau got the highest appointment on the office staff. He had served in the defence of the country against the German invading armies, and had received an honourable wound and been a prisoner of war. In 1885 he obtained a seat in the Chamber, where he was notable in debate on financial and economic questions. M. Casimir-Perier, appreciating the sound judgment and steadfast character of M. Burdeau, became his Parliamentary and personal ally. He held the Ministry of Marine in 1892, and that of Finance in the Cabinet formed a twelvemonth ago by M. Casimir-Perier, whom he succeeded in the Presidency of the Chamber when Casimir-Perier ascended to the headship of the French Republic.

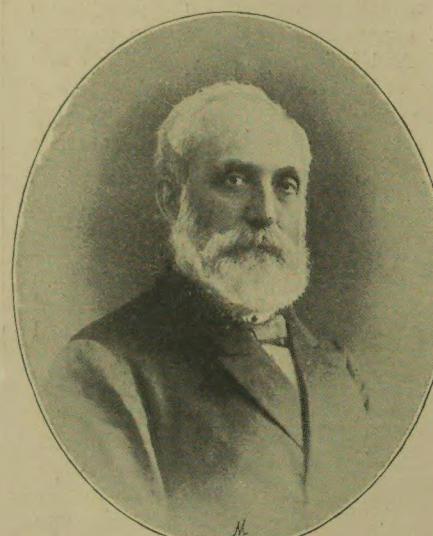
A most praiseworthy performance of "The Messiah" was given by the London Choral Union on Dec. 18 in Queen's Hall. Mr. J. W. Lewis may be congratulated on the splendid choir, which distinguished itself by admirable unity, responding to the baton with a readiness which showed thorough knowledge of Handel's masterpiece and good training. The orchestra also was excellent; the overture, however, was spoilt by late arrivals, and, as a consequence, lost some of its effect. This was atoned for by the beautiful rendering of the Pastoral Symphony. Miss Emily Davies sang the soprano solos; Miss Marian McKenney repeated familiar successes; Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys gave the tenor music with that distinction and care which are rapidly advancing him in his profession; and Mr. Norman Salmond was thoroughly enjoyable in the bass solos. Mr. Bleuerhassett presided at the organ.

## CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

If Father Christmas is capable of jealousy he must feel a pang now and then to think of the popularity of Mr. Tom Smith. The crackers of that ingenious spirit are as intimately associated with the diversions of Christmas as any traditional feature of that festival. What self-respecting citizen can pass Christmas Day without yearning to consult the oracle in the mottoes of Tom Smith's crackers? Speaking for ourselves, we have tasted an inexpressible joy in pulling crackers with a minion in the office of this Journal, though there has been nothing else more festive on the scene than a pot of paste. Who can describe the comfort of such lines as these?—

You ask me why I love you;  
I can give no reason why.  
I only know I love you,  
And shall do till I die.

What simplicity! What directness! How refreshing amidst the morbid imaginings of a decadent age! There are "surprise crackers" and "sports and pastimes crackers" and the "Japanese menagerie," and "puzzle crackers." The puzzles seem specially adapted to the sporting community, for, according to the directions in one of them, you can "re-animate two horses" by placing them back to back, and covering "the join of the two cards with the slip, upon which the jockeys appear to be racing as though for life." As though for life! The very directions are full of romance. As for the headgear which comes out of these crackers, it is simply Parisian in its elegance, while the bang is more thrilling than a pistol-shot in an Adelphi drama. But Mr. Tom Smith has not this inspiring field to himself. We have received several boxes of Messrs. Hovell's crackers, which display great variety of decoration, together with those solid qualities of poetry and the domestic affections for which the Christmas bon-bon is so justly renowned. Who can believe in the downfall of our sacred institutions as long as the cracker reminds us once a year, with that sudden explosion which sets the table in a feminine shriek, of our duties as men and as citizens? Mr. Tom Smith and Messrs. Hovell deserve the honours due to pillars of society as well as those so richly showered upon them for the infinite entertainment they give to young and old.

THE HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL.  
New Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has left Windsor for Osborne House, Isle of Wight. The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty, returning to London on Monday, Dec. 17. His Royal Highness goes to Sandringham, and will be joined by the Princess of Wales on her return from St. Petersburg.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has left England for Germany.

The Queen and Court were present at the anniversary special service held in the Frogmore Mausoleum in memory of the Prince Consort, who died at Windsor Castle on Dec. 14, 1861. The Queen drove from the Castle to Frogmore, and was joined by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Christian, and other members of the royal family. The Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Windsor officiated, and the choral portions of the service were sung, under the direction of Sir Walter Parratt, by the choir of St. George's Chapel. Wreaths were placed near the Prince's tomb by the Queen and the royal family. Many visitors were admitted to the mausoleum in the afternoon.

Lord Rosebery on Dec. 14 addressed a political meeting in the Stratford Town Hall, East London; Earl Spencer the day before spoke at a meeting at Bedford; Mr. Mundella

Rural parishes have elected many farmers to the parish councils. The Radical party gained much success in Manchester, and in several counties, especially Northamptonshire.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, on Dec. 15 made his half-yearly inspection of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and expressed his satisfaction with the drill and exercises. He especially impressed upon the cadets who were leaving college to undertake a military life the importance of discipline.

Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, on Dec. 18 distributed prizes at the Royal Naval School, Eltham College.

The President of the Board of Trade on Dec. 12, at the Mansion House, distributed prizes and certificates awarded under the Commercial Education Scheme of the London Chamber of Commerce. He said the Royal Commission on Secondary Education, over which he presided, thought they could see their way to suggest some plan under which commercial education would receive a due recognition in the schools of this country.

General Lord Roberts, at a dinner given in Birmingham to veterans of the Indian Mutiny and the Crimea, said the Government should set an example to private firms of employing by preference old soldiers in all positions which

and will, it is hoped, be completed in July next. At a luncheon afterwards the Bishop of Bangor, in reply to the allegation that the new railway would desecrate the mountain, said it would always be possible to ascend Snowdon on foot.

The Christmas sale of the Queen's fat stock, bred and fed upon the royal demesne, was held on Dec. 12, at the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm, Windsor Park, by Messrs. Buckland and Sons, auctioneers. The catalogue comprised forty-five Devon, Hereford, Highland, and Shorthorn bullocks, 400 prime Hampshire Down, Highland, Clune, and half-bred sheep, and one hundred bacon hogs and porkers. Good prices were obtained for many of the animals. The total amount realised was £3025 0s. 6d.

Mr. N. J. Burlinson, late superintendent of the Great Western Railway, has been presented with a cheque, a horse, and a cabinet, and with a diamond brooch for Mrs. Burlinson. The presentation was made by Mr. Lambert, general manager of the line, in the board-room at Paddington Station.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 18 elected M. Brisson its President in the place of the late M. Burdeau, whose public funeral, attended by M. Casimir-Perier, President of the Republic, took place on Sunday, Dec. 16; and, on the same day, at Père Lachaise Cemetery, that of

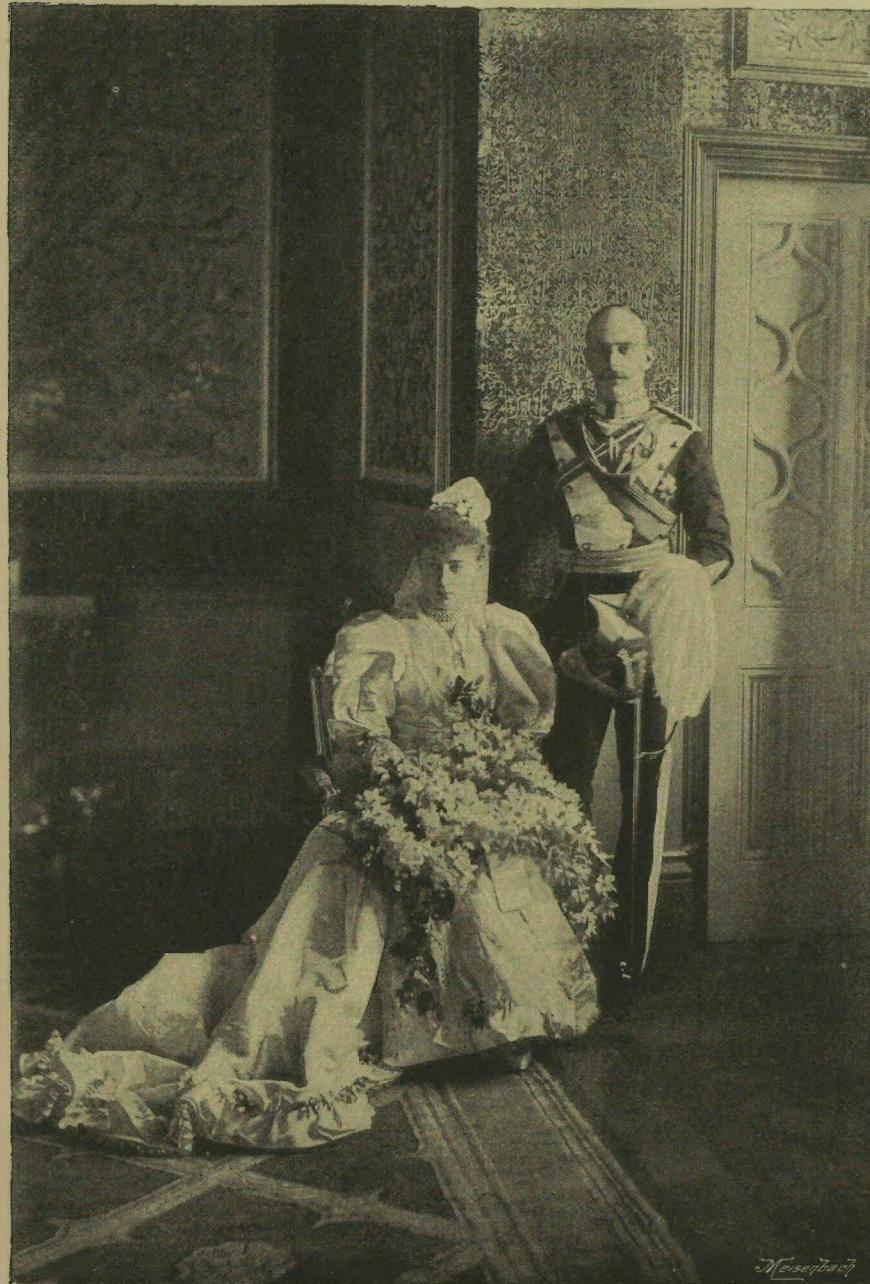


Photo by Kusell and Sons, Baker Street.

LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR (PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK)  
IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

spoke at Sheffield, and Mr. Bryce at Aberdeen, on the claims of the Ministry to the support of their party. On the other side, Lord Cross, the Duke of Bedford, and other Unionists and Conservatives have made speeches in the country.

A meeting was held in St. Martin's Town Hall, London, on Monday evening, Dec. 17, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., in the chair, to denounce the recent massacres perpetrated by Kurds and Turkish soldiers in Armenia, and to demand the intervention of the European Powers.

The elections of vestrymen and auditors, parish councillors, and guardians of the poor, under the new Local Government Act, in parishes where the number of candidates required a poll, took place on Saturday, Dec. 15, and for guardians on the Monday. The results, in the country generally, do not seem to be of a political party character.

The returns of the parish elections were not yet complete at the time of writing this; but those in London showed, with regard to local administrative questions, majorities for most of the "Moderate" candidates in the City, Westminster, Kensington, Chelsea, Holborn, Islington, Marylebone, Bloomsbury, St. Pancras, Paddington, Strand, St. George's (Hanover Square), Stoke Newington, and Hornsey; and for the "Progressives" in Battersea, Southwark, Bermondsey, Shoreditch, Clerkenwell, Hackney, Bethnal Green, Mile End, Poplar, and some other parishes, but not all, of East London. In the suburbs there was little change: members of the old vestries or local boards were generally re-elected.

they could fill. He hoped that any scheme of old-age pensions decided upon would be extended to the Army.

A terrible disaster, the explosion of a large steam-boiler, killing two men and severely injuring twelve others, with the destruction of buildings and walls, took place on Monday, Dec. 17, at the works of the Martini-Henry Rifle-barrel and Small-arms Company, Eagle Wharf, on the Regent's Canal, in Hoxton.

The annual meeting of supporters of the Hospital Sunday Fund was held on Dec. 17 at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding; and it was stated that the amount of the subscriptions this year had been £43,600—the largest sum, with one exception, yet raised during the existence of the fund. The number of subscribing congregations had also increased.

At a meeting of the City Commission of Sewers, on Dec. 18, it was agreed to intimate to the London County Council that the Commission was prepared to construct the City portion of the approach to the Tower Bridge at an estimated outlay of £63,050, the Council paying half the cost, and to improve Thames Street at an outlay of £37,500, the Council contributing a third of the cost. The terms of the arrangement have been suggested by the County Council.

The first cutting of ground for the railway which is to be constructed to the summit of Snowdon took place at Llanberis on Dec. 15. The ceremony was performed by the daughter of Mr. Assheton Smith, through whose property the line will run. It will be five miles in length.

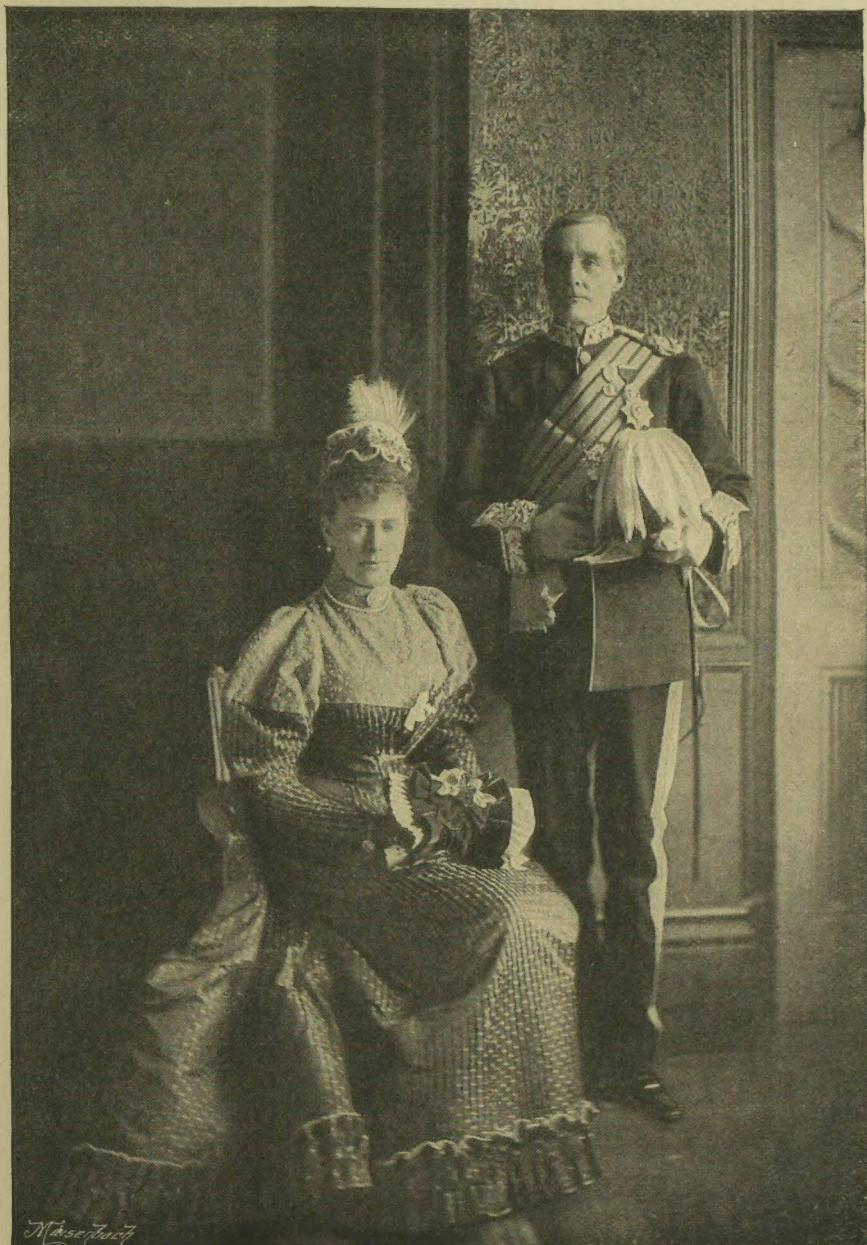


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER AT THE WEDDING  
AT EATON HALL.

the late M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, attended by the Directors of the Suez Canal Company and by many friends and admirers. The port and town of Tamatave, on the east coast of Madagascar, was occupied by French troops from Réunion on Dec. 10.

At Mentone, on the Riviera, a monument was unveiled, on Dec. 13, in memory of the late well-known London physician, Dr. James Henry Bennet, whose recommendation and example did much to send English invalids to that place in winter. The Mayor of Mentone, and Drs. Siordet, Maurin, and Rocques, took part in the proceedings.

The German Reichstag at Berlin, on Dec. 15, rejected by 168 to 58 votes the request of the Government for leave to prosecute those Socialist members who refused to join in the cheers for the Emperor at the sitting of Dec. 6.

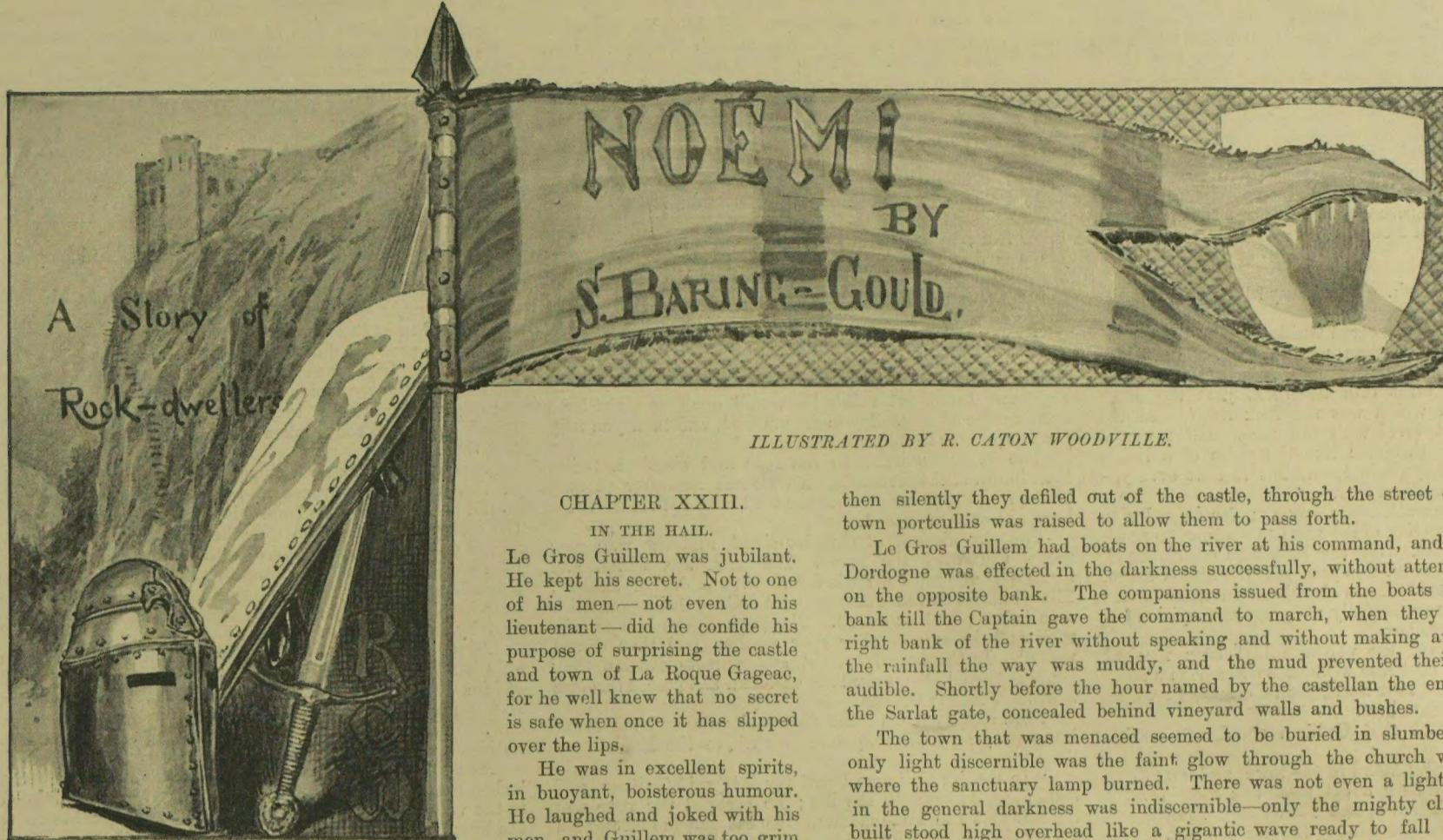
The Legislative Council of the Indian Empire at Calcutta has under its consideration a Government fiscal measure to impose on cotton yarns and fabrics an import duty of five per cent., counterbalanced by an excise duty on the Indian manufacture of the finer yarns.

The latest telegrams from both sides concerning the war in Eastern Asia do not appear to be at all trustworthy. The Japanese are trying to effect a junction at Niuchwang. The recent engagement near Feng-hwang-tcheng is declared by the Chinese to have been indecisive, although the Japanese claim the victory. The commander-in-chief of the Japanese army is now General Nodzu, instead of Field-Marshal Count Yamagata, who has retired on account of ill-health.



MARRIAGE OF LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR TO PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK AT EATON HALL, CHESTER: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND BRIDESMAIDS.

*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## IN THE HAIL.

Le Gros Guillem was jubilant. He kept his secret. Not to one of his men—not even to his lieutenant—did he confide his purpose of surprising the castle and town of La Roque Gageac, for he well knew that no secret is safe when once it has slipped over the lips.

He was in excellent spirits, in buoyant, boisterous humour. He laughed and joked with his men, and Guillem was too grim a man to be often given to jest.

He bade his men look to their arms, and he detailed those who were to follow him on an expedition. Whither he was going he did not say, but with him that was usual—he let no breath of rumour escape as to his destination whenever he made a raid, and on this account he was almost always successful: he came down like a bolt out of the sky on some spot totally unprepared to resist him, and none could betray his scheme and prepare those who were to be fallen upon, for none knew his destination till he started.

"Heliot!" called Guillem, suddenly arresting himself as he was drawing a long sword from the scabbard to examine if it were free of rust, "did you observe that old man who was here last evening?"

"I saw him come in, Captain."

"But—there is something in his face familiar to me—I fancy I have seen him before—and yet—I am not sure."

"He said that he had come from Gageac and had relatives in this town."

"That may be it. To be sure—he told me, a married daughter—I have seen him here at some fair, perhaps. It will not out of my head I have seen him—and cannot say where. He looks like a broken priest."

"As he walked he was bowed, and I could not see his face, Captain," answered Heliot.

"It matters not. Is there any moon to-night, Heliot?"

"There is a crescent moon, Captain, you can see her in the sky; she does not set till early morning, just before daybreak. But we shall see little of her to-night; there are thick clouds coming along against the wind—piled up as though full of thunder."

"So much the better. Heliot, I will tell you now what is to be done—we must cross the Dordogne." More than that he would not say.

The city of Sarlat lies at a distance of several miles from the river, and is accessible by two valleys, one of which opens on to the Dordogne under the rock of Vitrac, a sheer limestone cliff, the top of which is occupied by a village and castle, the foot bathed by the river, and the defile up which the road runs commanded not only by the castle of Vitrac, but by another, a tower on the further side, and these two were designed to bar completely the way to the town. The other way is more tortuous, and was defended as well both by the great castle and rock of Beynac, and also by a low hill in the midst of the open valley, that was likewise fortified. The situation may be best understood if we imagine a great triangular plateau with Sarlat at the apex and the Dordogne flowing at the base—midway on that base stands La Roque.

With the river thus watched, and every road guarded jealously, it was important for Le Gros Guillem to cross in the dark, unperceived, lest a warning should be sent to La Roque and the garrison be set on the alert, so that the castellan would be unable to fulfil his engagement.

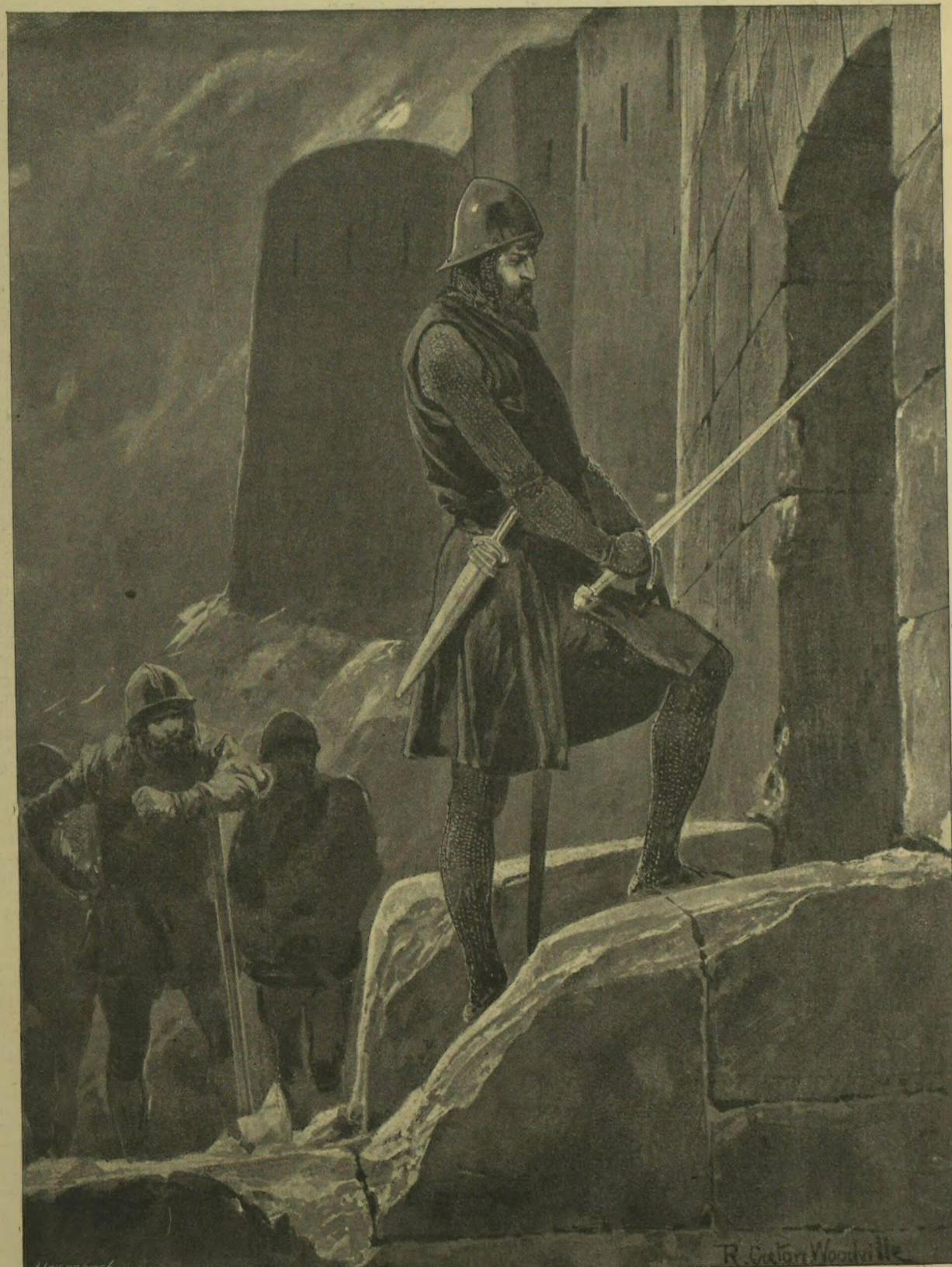
As the evening closed in the clouds that had been noticed by Heliot covered the whole heavens. There was no wind below; at the same time one must have been blowing aloft, for the vapours parted and disclosed the moon, and then drifted over its face again, and through them it peered dimly, like an eye with cataract over it, or else became totally obscured.

The men detailed for the expedition were assembled in the courtyard of the castle. They were not mounted—horses were unnecessary and inconvenient. The tramp might be heard and cause alarm. The *routiers* remained in their ranks motionless till the word was given, and

then silently they defiled out of the castle, through the street of Domme, and the town portcullis was raised to allow them to pass forth.

Le Gros Guillem had boats on the river at his command, and the passage of the Dordogne was effected in the darkness successfully, without attention being attracted on the opposite bank. The companions issued from the boats and drew up on the bank till the Captain gave the command to march, when they proceeded down the right bank of the river without speaking and without making any noise. Owing to the rainfall the way was muddy, and the mud prevented their tramp from being audible. Shortly before the hour named by the castellan the entire party was near the Sarlat gate, concealed behind vineyard walls and bushes.

The town that was menaced seemed to be buried in slumber and security. The only light discernible was the faint glow through the church window of St. Donat, where the sanctuary lamp burned. There was not even a light in the castle, which in the general darkness was indiscernible—only the mighty cliff into which it was built stood high overhead like a gigantic wave ready to fall and bury everything beneath it. The Captain picked out the men he had fixed on to accompany him, and gave his instructions to the others in a whisper. As soon as the alarm bell sounded in the castle they were to draw rapidly to the gate. Their comrades within



On reaching the postern Guillem scratched with the point of his sword, and the signal was answered at once.

would open, "and," said Guillem, "the town is yours, to do as you please therein." Then he advanced cautiously with his five men to the postern at the side, and not to the main gate. This postern was small—it would admit but one man at a time.

On reaching it Guillem scratched with the point of his sword, and the signal was answered at once; cautiously the door was unbarred and unlocked, and the castellan appeared in it. The clouds had momentarily parted, and the young moon gleamed forth, and was reflected by the river. Guillem could perceive that this was the same man who had visited him at Domme.

"The word?"

"Le Peuch."

"It is well, Le Peuch. How many?" he asked under his breath.

"Myself and five," answered Guillem.

"It is well—let two men remain here. The others follow me." He led the way up a steep stair of stone steps, past houses built into the rock, past the little church, one wall of which was the rock itself, and the roadway lay almost level with the eave. There was a clock in the tower, it throbbed like the pulse of a living being, the pulse of the whole town, but it beat evenly—as if the town were without fear.

The road lay beneath some houses; for in order to penetrate from one portion of the town to another, to reach from one ledge of rock with the buildings occupying it, where every foot of ground was precious, to a higher stage, the path was conducted beneath chambers, in which, overhead, the citizens were peacefully sleeping, unsuspecting of what was proceeding below.

In another moment the platform had been reached below the sheer cliff, that rose without so much as a shelf on which a shrub could root itself, even a cranny in which a pink or harebell might cling.

All was now so dark that Guillem could not see his guide, nor his men.

Not a sound had been heard in the town, and here there was nothing audible save a cat that was mewing. It had been shut out of a house, and feared that a storm was coming on. The time was winter, the little creature was cold, and it craved for the warmth and the dryness of the kitchen hearth. The foolish cat came up to Le Gros Guillem and rubbed herself against his legs and pleaded for attention. Irritated at her persistence and cries, the Captain dealt her a kick which sent her flying and squealing. Then he regretted that he had done this, lest her shrill cry should reach the mistress and induce her to open the door and show a light.

But no token followed and showed that the cat had been heard. Again the creature came near, mewing. The darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen, not even the rock in front. Only the buildings round loomed in black against a sky that was but a shade lighter than the rock.

Then hail rushed down, hissing, leaping, and with the hail a flash of lightning, revealing the blank wall of rock in front and the floor over which the hailstones ran and spun.

"Where is the stair?" asked Le Gros Guillem of the castellan, who kept at his side.

"Stair—what stair?"

"The way by which we are to mount into the castle."

The old man chuckled.

"Wait a while," said he in a whisper. "When next the lightning flashes look ahead of you, a little to the right, and you will see a cobweb path up the face of the rock."

"Lead us to the path. Cobweb or not, we will mount it—we are accustomed to that, and this is tedious tarrying here. Curse that cat! here she is again!"

"Ah, Messire; you do not comprehend. Have you never been in La Roque?"

"I? Never! Do you suppose they would suffer me within the walls?"

"Then, Messire, you cannot understand how it is that of the garrison none are awake, how it comes that there is no need for watchfulness. Wait a while; the lightning—there—did you see?"

The old man pointed in the direction of the stair. The construction of this path of ascent has been already described. It consisted of a ladder of pegs driven into the rock, each peg sustained by a wedge underneath it. Nothing was easier than by a blow to loosen the wedge and to throw the steps down; and when down, no passage could be effected to or from the castle upon the face of the rock.

"Did you observe?" asked the old man.

"I observed nothing save the stair."

"Look at the base of the stair. Ah! the hail! How it whitens the ground! how it lights up the landscape! One can see a little now; and presently, if you will have patience, Messire, I will explain it all."

"I want no explanation. I want to mount the stair and enter the castle."

"You cannot mount the stair; it is not possible. There! another flash! Now do you see? All the lower portion is removed, so that till put together again in the morning, no one can ascend. Moreover, there aloft is a landing-place, and between that landing-place and the gate there is a gap—and over that a draw-plank is lowered. Now, at night all the lowest rungs of the stair are taken away, and above the plank is lifted. There is no possibility of anyone mounting by that means."

"Then, in the devil's name, why have you brought us here? I tell you, old man, I will drive my poignard down your throat if you have dared to deceive me!"

"I deceive you! Oh, Messire! There is a second way of entering the castle."

"And that is?"

"See."

Again the lightning flickered, and now the clouds parting allowed the moon to flash over the whitened earth and show the great wall of chalk rock in front mounting into the sky and white as the ghostly clouds touched by moonlight that moved above it. The freebooter saw something hanging down the face of the cliff. It was a rope, and at the end was a bar of wood some two feet long which it held in a horizontal position by a knot in the middle.

"My good friend, whom you will have to reward, is above at the windlass. You can mount, Messire. I have but to shake the cord and put my fingers into my mouth and hoot as an owl and he will begin to wind up. It is by this means that provisions are carried up, and by this one can go up or down when the passage of the stair is cut off. Will you please to mount first, or shall I, most honoured Captain?" The castellan took off his hat and bowed.

Le Gros Guillem looked up—a sheer height of a hundred feet; in the uncertain light it appeared as though this cord were let down out of the sky. He was a man who rarely knew fear; in the heat of conflict he never knew it at all. He was dauntless in every daring feat, but this was a venture sufficient to make even him hesitate. He knew not who was the man at the capstan above. He was not sure that the rope would endure his weight.

"Oh," said the castellan, "if you are afraid to trust yourself to this cord, you must e'en return by the way you came. I thought other of Le Gros Guillem, of the famous Captain. I did not think he would quail as a girl from such a trifles as this. I will ascend first, and then you may pluck up heart to follow an old man."

The castellan went to the rope and shook it twice, then imitated the scream of an owl, and instantly planted himself on the pole and held the cord with both hands. He began at once to ascend.

The sky cleared of thunder-cloud, and the wan new moon illuminated the scene. The rock was white, and against it mounted a dark figure with a darker shadow. The windlass moved noiselessly; Le Gros Guillem and his men below heard no sound. The dark figure slid up the rock and became smaller, ever smaller, and then disappeared. In the uncertain light, at the great elevation, they could not see, but supposed the castellan had passed through a window into the castle.

Then rapidly down came rope and pole, and the latter hung swaying at a couple of feet above the hail-strewn platform.

"In the devil's name I will try it!" said Guillem, and committed himself to the bar; he grasped the rope and hooted. At the same moment the cat leaped and lighted on his shoulder. He would have thrust the beast off, but could not. The rope had tightened, was straining, and he was carried upwards off his feet.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE FOURTH TIME.

The rock of Gageac somewhat overhung, so that as Le Gros Guillem ascended he swung clear in space. Only occasionally was there a projection against which he could apply his foot, but he avoided doing this lest he should set the cord in oscillation.

The rope was so stout, and the piece of wood on which he was seated so strong, that the momentary qualm that had come over his heart left it, and he felt naught save impatience to reach the castle and creep in at the window. Then his comrades would be drawn up, and all four would fall on the sleeping garrison, kill every man, ring the tocsin, and the place would be in his possession, the houses given up to pillage and the inhabitants to outrage and murder. To win La Roque, a place that through the Hundred Years' War had not been taken, that for three centuries had defied the English, would indeed be an achievement, and one for which he could obtain any terms he liked to ask from the Earl of Shrewsbury on his arrival in Guyenne.

The clouds were dispersing. Guillem looked up; the floor of heaven was, as it were, spilt over with curds. He looked down; every platform, roof, garden was white with hail. On the horizon lightning was still fluttering. He had heard no thunder when below—he heard none now.

The Dordogne flowed black through a white world. It did not reflect the sky to one rising so high in the air above it—it was black as Acheron, and seemed to have lost all flow, to be stilled in its course.

The moon was still shining on the wall of rock, Guillem's shadow passed with him—as substantial apparently as himself, undergoing strange, monkey-like contortions against the rocky inequalities. A curse on that cat! It was wailing in his ear. He turned his chin to endeavour to force the brute from his shoulder. The cat clung with its thorn-like claws that pierced his jerkin. He disengaged a hand and laid hold of the cat, but it bit and tore at his hand, the animal drove its claws into his neck, and he could not shake it off without tearing away ribbons of his flesh as well.

His efforts to rid himself of the cat set the cord spinning and the stick revolved, with him on it, and then spun back again; it began to swing, and in swinging jammed him against the rock.

He must make up his mind to endure the cat. It was but for a minute or two longer, and then he would be free, and would grasp the accursed brute and fling it down on to the houses beneath. A cat has nine lives. A cat will always fall on his feet. This puss must have more than nine lives if it escaped being dashed to pieces by such a fall.

All was hushed below.

Guillem, looking down, could see the black spots that he knew represented his three men who were to follow him.

Something brushed his face—it was a sprig of juniper—he knew it by the scent; and now he saw that he had reached that point where rock and wall were blended, the rock running up into ragged points, the gaps filled in with masonry, and finally courses of ashlar lying evenly above the rock.

He was nearing the window. In another minute he would be inside. He could hear the creak of the windlass. His progress upwards seemed to him to be extraordinarily slow. One line of wallstone—then another—then a third—then a halt.

He expected to be able to grasp the threshold of the window, and to assist those within in drawing him through. But the window was still some four feet above his head, it was beyond his reach.

Why had those working the capstan ceased to turn the levers? Were they exhausted? Had they galled their hands? Half-a-dozen turns—and he would be aloft.

At that moment, one of those inexplicable, unreasonable sensations that do occasionally seize the imagination swept over the mind of Guillem. Looking at the limestone before him, he all at once thought it resembled the flesh of old Ogier del Peyra's face as he was lowered into the *oubliette*, with the light from the dungeon door shining on it. There was absolutely no similarity save that the rock was grey and that it was illuminated by the young moon with some such a colourless, cadaverous light as that which had lighted the face of the man sentenced to a living tomb.

Le Gros Guillem shook his head and closed his eyes to free himself from the impression.

Immediately the cat, driving its claws into his neck under the right ear, sprang on his head, ran up the rope, and leaped in at the window above.

It was, perhaps, due to the fact that those working the capstan were frightened by the apparition of the beast, that suddenly the rope was run out and Guillem dropped through space, to be brought up by a jerk as those above mastered the spokes and arrested the flight of the rope.

As the falling man was stopped in his descent the strands of the cord were strained and some snapped. The jerk would have thrown him from his seat had he not grappled the rope with desperation. He had not, however, dropped very far; and now, to his great satisfaction, he felt that the men above were again turning the levers and that he was again being steadily hauled upwards. When aloft he would chastise them sharply for their scare about a cat—risking thereby his valuable life.

Again the juniper-bush brushed his face—it was as an elfin hand which was thrust forth out of the rock to lay hold of him, or at least to warn him against further progress. Not a plant had been passed springing out of the sheer cliff. This juniper grew at the summit of the rock and at its junction with the masonry of the castle.

Much time had elapsed, surely more than an hour, since he had passed through the postern gate. His men, concealed in the vineyards, must be impatient for the signal to enter the town and plunder it.

Then he heard a harsh, jarring sound like an angry growl, followed by the strokes of a bell. One, two, three—he reckoned till twelve. It was midnight.

Again he was ascending past the courses of ashlar, and again he was brought to a halt at some distance below the window.

Then, from above, through the window a face was protruded that looked down on him. The moon was on the face—it was the colour of the grey rock, it was blotched like the rock, it was furrowed with age like the rock. Unlike the rock, two eyes gleamed out of it, with the moon glinting in them.

"Gros Guillem!" said the man who peered on the freebooter from above.

"Draw me up!" gasped the Captain, "or by—"

"Do you threaten—you—situated as you are?"

"I pray you give the windlass another turn."

"Ah! you pray now, Gros Guillem!"

The Captain looked above his head at the face that overhung him. There was in it something that sent the blood back to his heart. There was in it that likeness to a someone, uncertain, recalled but unidentified, that came out now with terrible distinctness, and insisted on his straining his powers for recognition.

"Gros Guillem! Do you remember me? This is our final meeting—the fourth and the last!"

At that moment the tocsin pealed forth its summons from the tower. This tower, planted under a concave opening in the rock, sent out the ring of the alarm-bell multiplied thirtyfold below; it flung it forth in volumes, it sent it up and down the Dordogne valley—across it—over the level land, far—far away, wave on wave of sound through the still night.

At the first note it was as though a magic wand had touched every house in La Roque. Each window was illuminated. Every door was opened, and forth burst men with torches, all fully armed.

In a moment the three companions of the Captain on the platform, and the two by the postern were surrounded, disarmed, bound, or cut down. In a moment, also, from orchards, vineyards, from out of barns, from behind hedges, rose a multitude of men, peasants, fishermen, soldiers of the Bishop, serving-men, all with what weapons they could most readily handle, and closed in on the men of Guillem who had come forward at the note of the bell with purpose to enter by the postern. Then ensued on all sides a wild hubbub of cries, shrieks, shouts of triumph, curses, prayers for mercy.

Le Gros Guillem, hanging in mid-air, heard the uproar, saw the upward glow of light—and knew that he and his men had been drawn into a cleverly contrived trap, and that he was lost irretrievably. He writhed, he turned, he looked above—there he saw but the face of Ogier—remorseless as fate. He looked below—there he saw his men, making desperate battle for life, and falling one by one. He could not distinguish each individual, but he saw knots of men forming, whence issued cries and the clash of steel; then the knot broke up, and its members dispersed, seeking other clusters, which they swelled, and whence issued the same cries and din of strife.

Presently a great flare of fire rose from below and illuminated the whole rock of Gageac. A torch had been applied to a bonfire of faggots already stacked on the platform. By that glare those below saw the suspended Captain, and uttered a roar of hate and savage delight. In Guillem's ears was a singing, and the growl of voices came in throbs like waves beating on his brain.

From those below rose the cries of: "Cut the rope! Cast him down! We will receive him on our pikes. He shall fall into the fire!"

Slowly the cable was let out, and Guillem felt himself descending. He was glad that it was so. He desired to be in the midst of men, though these were his enemies; for he had his sword at his side, and he would die fighting, wounding others, killing those who sought his life. So to perish were a death befitting a soldier—this such a death as he would hail. He put his hand to his sword and grasped the hilt. His blood, that had curdled in his arteries began again to pulsate, the film that had formed over his

eyes was dissipated, and a flush of eager anticipation came into them.

But again the rope ceased to be let out. He was suspended just halfway between the castle and the platform below, in full view of the townsmen who had gathered there, standing at sufficient distance not to be struck by his falling body; he was in view also of the little garrison of the castle, who had clambered to the battlements and were looking over at him.

Then he heard a hammering, and saw below men employed driving the pegs into the sockets in the rock and fastening the wedges that held them firm. No sooner was the full connection made than up the stair ran men, and even women and boys, who had scrambled out of bed, and these stood in a line against the rock up the lengthy ladder-stair gazing at the suspended man. Then, also from above, the drawbridge was lowered, and the men-at-arms who had been in the castle ran out of the gate and ran down the stair to have a better sight thence than they could from the battlements of the swinging helpless man.

A terrible spectacle it was that they witnessed—such a one as could not be looked on by Christian people unmoved save in such an evil age as that, when men were rendered as ferocious as wild Indians, and callous to the sufferings of their brethren; a spectacle such as could not be looked on without pity—save in such a place as that where all had suffered in some degree from the exactions or the barbarities of this wretched man. The flames danced and curled as if they also frolicked at the sight of the agony of the man who had so often fed them with hard-won harvests of the peasantry and the humble goods of the cottager too worthless to be carried away.

In the glare of the leaping bonfire Le Gros Guillem was distinctly visible, looking like a monstrous yellow spider at the end of his line. He thrust out now one long leg, then another; next he extended his lengthy arms, each armed with lean and bony fingers. He endeavoured to scramble into a standing position upon his bar, but failed—one side would descend before the other—and he nearly fell in attempting this impossible feat. He gripped the rope with hands and knees, and endeavoured to swarm up it, but the cable was rendered slippery by its passage over a roller in the window.

Rage was in his heart, rage at being there, a sight to men, women, and children, without power of spreading destruction about him before he died.

Then he swung himself laterally, hoping to be able to reach a projection of the rock whence possibly he might creep up or down or even side-long from jutting point to point, holding by his fingers, till he attained the stair. As he came, swinging like a pendulum, he was carried close to the stairway, and those upon it held their breath and drew back against the rock, thinking he would make a leap in an attempt to light on the steps. If he were to do this, then to arrest himself from falling backwards, with his long fingers he would inevitably clutch at them, and so precipitate them along with himself below.

Those persons standing on that portion of the steps within range sidled upwards or else downwards, to be out of the risk of such a danger. They could see in the upward flash of the firelight the sparkle in his great eyes as he glared at the steps, calculating his distance, making resolve to leap, and his heart failing him or his judgment assuring him that to do so were certainly fatal.

A tinkle of a little bell. The priest of St. Donat had hastily donned his surplice, and had run and taken the Holy Sacrament, and was coming—he alone with a thought of mercy for the agonised, to obtain for him release, or to administer consolation in death. Before him went a boy with a lantern, ringing the bell.

Then a loud voice from below cried, "Cut the cable!" And then: "It is I—François Bonaldi—I, the Governor, say it. Enough! Cut the cable!"

A gasp—from all that multitude.

The cord had been chopped through before the priest arrived.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A week or two ago, in the course of a Gilchrist Lecture tour in the north of Ireland, I was shown an invention which deserves to take high rank among really useful and serviceable contrivances, in the shape of an improved method of propulsion for canal-boats. It is of the highest importance in the case of canal traffic, of course, to avoid the "wash" of the screw-propeller as ordinarily used, which injures the banks and necessitates the work of constant supervision and repair. Again, the old mode of conducting canal traffic by means of horses, is found to be both slow and expensive. I think I am within the mark when I say that there are canal-boats in the north of Ireland run by the method I am about to describe which are making a very fair if not a large income in contrast

not originate injurious "wash," is seen to be a singularly difficult one. Mr. Barcroft ingeniously overcomes these difficulties by fitting twin propellers one on each side of the stern, outside the boat entirely. These propellers are adjustable as regards their immersion. They are, besides, independently movable, and can readily be adjusted to the depth most suitable for driving the boat at the highest speed compatible with the engine-power. Thus, with a 5 ft. draught, the best results are obtained by immersing the screws to about 3 ft. 3 in. or 3 ft. 6 in. from the water-surface to the bottom of the propeller.

A man and a boy can work a boat so fitted, and the machinery, being of the simplest character, is not liable to derangement, ordinary care being exercised. Any kind of engine can be used to drive the propellers. Mr. Barcroft suggests that electricity might be used as the motive power. One boat, the *Ulster*, fitted with these propellers, accomplished 3000 miles at a stretch, encountering considerable seas in Lough Newry now and then, and in the Newry Canal successfully passing through weeds "so thick as to meet across the water." Again, a boat thus fitted can act as a very efficient tug. In another case a lighter fitted with Mr. Barcroft's propellers voyaged from Dublin to the Shannon and back with another lighter in tow. This distance, going and coming, is 158 miles, with seventy-eight locks. A second trip over the same distance occupied six days. Here the coal consumed on the double journey was only three tons, which at 14s. 6d. per ton is at the rate of less than 13d. per boat per mile. With horses, the time occupied going out and back is five days of twenty-four hours each, the relays working night and day; and the cost at the regular charge of hauling—one shilling per boat per Irish mile—would be equal to nearly 9d. per English mile. Thus, without working at night, the steaming with Mr. Barcroft's propellers was only one day behind the horse-boats in a week; and this notwithstanding that about fifteen hours were lost by the steamer in waiting for the locks to be filled after it had passed through, and for the subsequent passage of the towed lighter. I think such an invention so truly corresponds to the definition of a thoroughly useful and economical appliance, adapted to revolutionise canal traffic, that I have been tempted to describe it in detail. The only people of whom I have heard who depreciate it are the owners of the horses who at present enjoy a monopoly of canal traffic. But then every invention has had its interested detractors, and it is clear we should never have had our spinning machinery of to-day if the opinions of the old hand-loom weavers had been worth heeding.



No sooner was the full connection made than up the stair ran men, and even women and boys, who had scrambled out of bed, and these stood in a line against the rock up the lengthy ladder-stair gazing at the suspended man.

with those drawn by horses, which return a very poor profit on their work.

The canal which connects Newry with the sea is the special scene of the experiments to which I allude, and the invention itself is that of Mr. Henry Barcroft, of that town. Mr. Barcroft's plan is to fit to canal-boats twin screw-propellers capable of adjustment to the boats' wants in respect of the depths at which they work. I saw a boat fitted with these twin screws, one of several thus provided. Naturally, paddles are out of the question for canal-boats, and Mr. Barcroft points out, in addition, that the ordinary propeller, placed forward of the stern-post, is not well adapted for canal traffic, even if room existed for such a mode of propulsion being fitted. The task of devising a propeller which should be adjustable to existing boats, which should not interfere with the locks and bridges, which should sacrifice no cargo or crew space, which should entail no heavy machinery affecting the boat's weight and carrying-power, which should not be liable to be affected by weeds, and which, finally, should

regarded as being of a delicate constitution, medically speaking, and finds herself unable to walk four or five miles without great fatigue, or to play lawn-tennis or dance without feeling exhausted, she can bicycle twenty-five miles between luncheon and dinner "without any unpleasant feeling of fatigue, and with a hearty appetite." She adds that the additional weight of, say a 45 lb. tricycle as against the 27 lb. of the bicycle, is in itself a fatal objection to the use of the former. I assure my correspondent, it is not only the "doubled-up shop-boy and Sunday rider" who may be cited as illustrating the "cyclist's stoop," although I am quite willing to accept my correspondent's statement that "the handle-bars in a cycle are (or should be) so placed that to stoop is a difficulty." The experiences of many of her women friends who cycle are of a similar kind to her own. Improved health and spirits are the results of cycling. So far so good. I shall not conclude this topic yet awhile. Will other correspondents favour me with their views *pro or con.*, that the topic may be as thoroughly threshed out as possible?



THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS: THE KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Seated at a table which is perched atop of a towering structure that reminds one of the storeyed platforms used in the mediæval days of mystery plays, the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, notwithstanding his absolutely modern dress, conveys a somewhat more formidable impression of authority than the Speaker of the House of Commons, whose chair is but a foot or so above the level of the floor. It is extremely doubtful, though, whether the authority of the Frenchman is as great as it looks, whether the authority of the Englishman is not much greater than it appears. A hand-to-hand scuffle between two or several members is a phenomenal, one might almost say unique, occurrence at St. Stephen's; it is a frequent diversion from the dryness of politics at the Palais Bourbon. At Westminster, under such circumstances, the chairman would stick to his post and endeavour

All this makes the position of the President of the French Chamber one of exceedingly great difficulty, and it is but fair to say that out of the thirty odd Presidents that have succeeded one another during the last eighty years, most of them have filled the arduous post with dignity, some with great *éclat*, and few with absolute loss of decorum. There is only one who held the office uninterrupted for more than ten years, the Comte (afterwards Duc) de Morny, during the Second Empire. Morny, who was a *sham grand seigneur* in real life, nearly always proved a real *grand seigneur* in his presidential chair. He was sparing of his ready wit, though he had a good deal of it. He was conciliatory—not a very easy task with the five opposition deputies who at the beginning of the reign formed the nucleus that afterwards developed into a kind of very small phalanx, with Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Simon, and Emile Ollivier and Favre among their number. Morny used considerable self-restraint, which was the more creditable on his part, considering that his immediate

Dupin was not only a wit, but a great virtuoso on that deep-toned silver bell which is the only weapon of the President in the exercise of his authority, without which weapon it would, perhaps, be impossible for modern Presidents to preside at all; for the clever rhymester was not far wrong when he sang—

C'est au bruit de la sonnette  
Que l'on parle et qu'on se tait;  
C'est au bruit de la sonnette  
Qu'on se lève et qu'on s'assied;  
Sans le bruit de la sonnette  
Jamais rien ne se ferait;

That bell, indeed, is of enormous importance in the French Chamber; for not only does it affect the deputies themselves, but it shows the temper and disposition of the President. In the course of my long experience I have heard several performers on that bell: Jules Grévy's manipulation of it was the most colourless of all—it was a kind of sober, mild protest, eminently suggestive of a



THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS: FIREPLACE IN THE KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE.

to quell the disturbance; at the Quai d'Orsay the President would seize his hat and leave the arena. That alone would mark the difference in the respective positions of those two chairmen.

There are, however, other things that go to the making up of that difference. I feel almost certain that not the most turbulent member at St. Stephen's would engage in a wordy war with the Speaker: I could name a dozen French deputies of the past, and at least an equal number of the present, Legislature who would delight in doing so if an opportunity occurred; nay, more, would not scruple to create such an opportunity. The Speaker of the House of Commons is respected by the members of both parties: if such respect be wanting in a few isolated cases, the dissentients would scarcely care to manifest disrespect. The President of the French Chamber, however deserving, has, as a rule, many men overtly hostile to him, not on account of his personal lack of worth, but by reason of his political, or to speak correctly, his dynastic opinions. A few years ago, M. Paul de Cassagnac steadfastly refused to remove his hat in the presence of the President, who at that time was M. Charles Floquet, as the latter passed from his private residence within the precincts of the Palais Bourbon to the House.

predecessor but one, Dupin the elder, who presided up to the *coup d'état*, made a very free use of his biting tongue; if not always to the dignity, at any rate to the edification, of the Chamber.

Dupin, in fact, was extremely witty and sarcastic; unfortunately, he often allowed his wit to run away with his discretion. "M. Dupin is by no means spiteful or ill-natured," said a writer of the time, "but he now and then forgets that he is presiding, and when a witticism tickles the tip of his tongue, he must get rid of the irritation, no matter at whose expense." What Dupin disliked most was a prosy, long-winded speaker. Under such circumstances, the President did not wait for signs of impatience on the part of the Chamber; he himself gave the signal for them. One of his bugbears was a deputy of the Centre, with the name of Abraham Dubois. One day, Dubois was, as usual, droning away. He had occupied the rostrum for more than an hour, and his speech was not half finished. Suddenly Dupin rang his bell and got up. "Abraham, Abraham, Abraham," he exclaimed in a sepulchral tone, "Abraham, Abraham, the hour for the sacrifice has struck." The poor speaker did not protest, but immediately vacated the rostrum.

desire not to damage the metal, and, as if to confirm the idea, M. Grévy used to bend forward now and again to ascertain whether any such damage had been done. I never heard the performance of the latest President, that of M. Auguste Laurent Burdeau, who, like Morny, died in harness, but am told that it was significant of his former occupation—a schoolmaster's. "What was its effect on the scholars?" I inquired. "Not much," was the reply. "It might have been the bell on a racecourse as far as they were concerned, for they generally went out to lay bets on the next favourite for the Presidency of the Chamber."

## THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS BEEF.

The royal baron of beef for the Queen's Christmas dinner party will be cut from a fine West Highland bullock, bred and fed in Windsor Park, and purchased by Messrs. Webb and Sons, her Majesty's purveyors. The baron will be roasted at the great kitchen fire in Windsor Castle, and when cold will be sent to Osborne, where, with the boar's head and game pie, it will adorn the royal sideboard. That kitchen fire in Windsor Castle, during the floods that lately caused much distress in the neighbourhood, boiled, by the Queen's order, hundreds of gallons of soup, which were sent to feed many poor people.

## ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

A room in Bandy Leg Walk, now Little Guildford Street, in the Borough, was the beginning of St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, consecrated the other day. A hundred years ago an American in London—there were American men in those days—became a Roman Catholic and a priest, and worked among the poor of the struggling little mission. Soon, however, a larger chapel was required for the Roman Catholics of Southwark and of "the adjacent villages" of Lambeth, Newington, and Walworth. That was built in London Road in 1793, when the opening sermon was preached by the famous Father O'Leary. Outside it was like a barn, and inside it had whitewashed walls; a bread-pan served for its font; and it did not dare to put up a confessional in sight of the public eye. It was in 1848 that these humble things gave place to the glories of a cathedral built by Pugin.

Though the Roman Catholic congregation by that time numbered twenty thousand souls, there was not much wealth among it to turn to bricks and mortar. Father Thomas Doyle, besides making house-to-house collections in person, sent out appeals far and wide, and with much success, for he used to admit in after days that he had received donations from all the crowned heads of Europe except two. Even when the money was got for a start, the land was wanting. Dr. Doyle had his eye, however, on a site in St. George's Fields, which had altered little since Lord George Gordon, sixty years before, assembled upon it his ragged cohort, preparatory to its march upon the House of Commons. After endless difficulties, the present site of the cathedral was obtained for the sum of £3200. A special Act of Parliament was passed very early in the reign of Queen Victoria to enable the City of London to sell the land in St. George's Fields; but the absence "of any image whatever, or any emblem of religious nature," from the exterior of any buildings put up on it was a condition of the sale. All difficulties and restrictions from outside being now faced, the committee had still to bear the inward griefs which belong to all



CONSECRATION OF THE HIGH ALTAR.



BISHOP AND CLERGY WHO TOOK PART IN THE CONSECRATION CEREMONY.

who build. Pugin's first design was magnificent, but how much would it cost to translate into stone? The committee innocently asked the question, and the architect, in a huff, rolled up his drawings and left the room. Finally, however, he submitted plans on the basis that only £20,000 was to be spent on a church to seat 2500 persons, a school to hold 500 children, and a presbytery to house four priests. Those who criticise Pugin for the lowness of his roofs must remember the conditions of comparative penury under which he often had to build. His poverty and not his will consented to curtail his heights. The compulsory breathing of a vile air is the memory which many bring away from crowded services in churches so designed; but improved methods of ventilation, and the change from gas to electricity as a light, do something to mitigate, and may finally abolish, the ills that flesh is heir to under many of the roofs bequeathed to posterity by Pugin.

The foundation-stone was laid in 1841, Cardinal Wiseman—though he was not a Cardinal then—preaching the sermon. The *Times* of the following day had a brief paragraph on the event praising the beauty of the cathedral—praise which it hastened to qualify by an allusion to the ugliness of the three hundred priests present. The takings of the day were handsome, anyway—for they reached a total of £1500. The cost of building and furnishing exceeded Pugin's estimate by some £10,000. And, of course, in a few years' additions and alterations had to be made; the clergy-house had to house a bishop and a larger staff of priests, and the cathedral had to be made more available for sittings where all could see the altar, even at the sacrifice of a great shifting of the Rood-screen. Bold was the present Bishop, Dr. Butt, when

he braved the Gothic devotees by this transfer—a Goth indeed! Bold, too, was he when he abandoned that system of church-door payments which most Roman Catholic churches find it necessary to impose, and which every worshipper or visitor detests. An increase both in the number of worshippers and in the amount of subscriptions has been the result. Bishop Butt had his final triumph when, a few weeks ago, he was able to say that his cathedral was free from debt—a condition exacted before a Roman Catholic church can be solemnly and publicly consecrated to the service of God. A vast assembly assisted at that last ceremony. Cardinal Vaughan preached from the place whence Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning had often preached before him; and a sign of the *Times*, and of the changes in public feeling during the last fifty years, may be seen in the fact that "the leading journal" afforded a separate heading and a goodly space for its record of the day's proceedings.



VIEW OF CATHEDRAL FROM ORGAN SCREEN.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



SIMEON.

*"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."*

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A., BELONGING TO COLONEL GODFREY RHODES, OF AMBLESIDE.

Engraved by J. J. Chant, and published by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.

## COINCIDENCES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In one of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's earlier books, written when he may have been about fifty, he tells a tale of a curious coincidence. Next he speaks of the myriad pulsations of thought, and of experience in each hour of life, and decides that there must be odd coincidences, purely fortuitous. This is perfectly obvious: the truth is that the coincidences are not strange, the essential is our happening to observe them. Now, we happen to observe those fallings together of things because our attention, for one reason or other, is awake to the circumstance. Thus I read, or hear, let us say, of some person or event which happens to interest me. For example, I see, lying casually around, a green ribbon of the Thistle which belonged to a person once celebrated, but now much forgotten. I take up a history book for a definite purpose, and there I read—what I was not looking for or thinking about—an account of how that very ribbon was hung about its owner's neck by the hand of Frederick the Great. There is nothing odd in this at all,

Wager of Battle, from the *Pink 'Un*. The chances are that Dr. Holmes, an old man, often told the story. He may have told it to the two ladies before, though he says, "I had not spoken of it, or thought of it, for a long time, when it came to me by a kind of spontaneous generation, having no connection with any previous train of thought that I was aware of. I consider the evidence of entire independence (apart from possible 'telepathic' causation) completely water-proof, air-tight, incombustible, and unassailable."

Dr. Holmes was now eighty, and, long before eighty, how we do forget that we have told our anecdotes before! We do not find it out; people do not say "chestnut." Dr. Holmes's own opinion as to whether he told the tale often or not is of no value. It may have been his "Grouse in the Gun Room." Why was the anecdote sent to him at all? "I had never spoken of it with Mr. Rathbone," he says, but the chances are that Mr. Rathbone would never have sent the cutting from the *Sporting Times* if Dr. Holmes had not introduced the subject. Dr. Holmes had forgotten that he had done so, but why did Mr. Rathbone think the narrative of special interest to Dr. Holmes? Again, we

letter about it. Nobody, however credulous, will prefer Dr. Holmes's theory to the obvious ordinary explanation.

Dr. Holmes gives another coincidence, really of a sort more rare, with longer odds against it, but undeniably fortuitous. A Mr. Grenville Tudor Phillips, slightly known to Dr. Holmes, died. Dr. Holmes then chanced to open an old Bible of his own father's. Out fluttered a slip of paper inscribed "The name is Grenville Tudor." It was an old memorandum for a baptism. There was nothing strange in its presence between the leaves of a dead clergyman's Bible. There was nothing odd in Dr. Holmes's discovery of the slip. There was nothing abnormal in the fact that Mr. Phillips had gone the way of all flesh. But his attention having been drawn to Mr. Phillips by his recent decease, Dr. Holmes was naturally struck by the accident of lighting on a memorandum of that gentleman's christening.

Long ago a relation of mine found on a plate at a restaurant the word "Death," cut out of a book or newspaper, and shortly afterwards died suddenly. In that autumn, after unpacking my portmanteaux at the beginning of term at Oxford, I found the printed word "Death"



THE KITTENS' CHRISTMAS FROLIC.

only, because I have just seen that particular ribbon, my attention is wakeful on the subject. And so, if I happen to want a book or a piece of information, I generally find it in the next catalogue I take up or in the first book I open. Had not my attention been called to the book or the fact my attention would have been asleep on the topic; nevertheless it would have been presented to my notice, and passed unnoticed. The rule has exceptions. Being interested in Jemmy Dawkins, of Over Norton, I expect to meet Jemmy everywhere, but I am disappointed. Information about Mr. Dawkins (*floruit* 1750) will be welcome, but this is another story. Of course he is not in the "Dictionary of National Biography," though he ought to be.

To return to coincidences. In one of his latest works, "Over the Teacups," Dr. Holmes gives an example which he really seems inclined to explain by telepathy, or what he calls "cerebricity." On a Monday, April 18, about 7.30 p.m., he told two ladies the old story of the last Wager of Battle in England (1817). He then rose from table, and found an English letter, just arrived, in which his correspondent—a Mr. Rathbone, dealer in *bric-à-brac*—said he was sending an account of this affair, Thornton's case. Now, that story had long interested Dr. Holmes. He had mentioned it, as early as 1858, in one of his books. Now he received Mr. Rathbone's present—an account of the

often do not know what train of idea leads us to a given theme, yet there is a train of ideas. Dr. Holmes was "not aware of it," but we are often unaware of it. Thus the probabilities are that this anecdote was a recurring favourite, that Mr. Rathbone knew of it, that an ordinary train of thought brought it up, and then came Mr. Rathbone's letter, which seemed a kind of minor miracle. Dr. Holmes, on the other hand, talks of "telepathy," or "cerebricity." Mr. Rathbone's letter was full of "stored cerebricity," "brain-cell power corresponding with electricity." The "mysterious effluence" "diffused its vibrations to another excitable nervous centre." Surely it is less difficult to believe that Mr. Rathbone sent a letter on a topic which he knew to be interesting to Dr. Holmes, and the letter arrived when Dr. Holmes was repeating a favourite tale. Here are *verae cause*: old age and a slight defect of memory that comes on before old age. As to telepathy, Dr. Holmes gives a case. On June 17 a lady in Germany had a nightmare, in which she seemed to suffer from a headache that "belonged to her sister." And on that June 17 her sister, in America, it seems, was suffering a painful dental operation. The feelings of the two sisters were nearly, or quite, synchronous, and if there is telepathy, this was it. But Dr. Holmes did not think of the Wager of Battle when Mr. Rathbone was writing his

lying on the floor of my rooms. It looked as if it had been gnawed out of a book by a mouse. I "thought but little of it," and nothing came of it. But whence came the two words, one in a Parisian restaurant, one in rooms in the Turl? It was a coincidence without a sequel.

The "Windsor Peerage" (Whittaker and Co.) has many merits which appeal to those persons who appreciate brevity above all things. In the handiest of styles information is given of the peerage, baronetage, and knighthood; and after considerable test of the facts contained in its seven hundred pages one can bear witness to their general accuracy.

Such a lady as Mrs. Nickleby would doubtless find Debrett's "Peerage" an admirable solace for lonely hours on a desert island. The Royal Edition for 1895, just published by Messrs. Dean and Son, would really require the solitude of a Robinson Crusoe to appreciate entirely its tens of thousands of facts. The editor proudly claims that the contents of the handsome volume are "revised by the nobility," and he mentions that there are 12,000 British subjects bearing hereditary, personal, or courtesy titles. This will give some idea of his enormous task, accomplished with an accuracy which suggests Argos.

## UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.



THE OXFORD TEAM.



A REHEARSAL.



CHRISTMAS IN INDIA: "OUR FRIENDS AT HOME!"



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS: "ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS."

## FRENCH CHRISTMAS MISTLETOE.

We English have sometimes cherished a notion that our Christmas-keeping festivities were peculiar to our home-loving nation, and it is scarcely half a century since the German Christmas-tree, with its branches generously bearing a variety of artificial toys and trinkets for distribution among the family and guests, was made known in England, where it has flourished very kindly. Every child in those days when folk-lore was valued, more than the elements of science, for the edification of the infant mind, was told that the Druids of Ancient Britain had left in this country at least one precious legacy, that of faith in the mystic virtues of the mistletoe, which has been preserved, through twenty centuries, to add a sweet superstitious charm to the festivities of the Christmas season. It was, perhaps, not sufficiently considered that the Roman accounts of Druidic customs and institutions were



MISTLETOE GROWING ON POPLARS.

derived more from Gaul than from Britain; and the fact is that Northern and Western France, wherever the old customs of the peasantry are maintained, still make a good show of pleasant ceremonial upon the occasion of "Noël"; and what is more remarkable, their soil annually contributes immense quantities of mistletoe to be sold in the London market.

It is especially in Normandy that this curious parasitical plant is regularly gathered and collected for a commerce which employs not a few small vessels crossing the British Channel, though in the woods around Paris enough is obtained for those in the capital city who care to adorn their rooms with such an antiquated vegetable decoration. It is necessary to cut the twig of the tree which has the tuft of mistletoe growing upon it, so that the twig may continue to serve as a support and to hold the mistletoe together. In France it is extremely rare to find mistletoe growing upon an oak-tree; it is most abundant on the poplar, but there it is often difficult to reach, growing at a great height. Apple-trees, which are more easy of access, seem likewise to be much favoured by the parasite, of which twenty clusters may be obtained from a single apple-tree. The mistletoe is thus, in the French mind, not particularly associated with the

above the bare branches in winter, lumpy clusters of sprigs, dividing and multiplying at their extremities, in colour the darkest green, which look almost black against a clear sky. The leaves and flowers spring from the knotty points of bifurcation, which are added yearly, on the slender stems. There are two leaves of a dull leathery complexion, at each knot, and a very small yellowish flower, hardly perceptible to the careless eye, at the base of the leaves. Towards the month of November these flowers change into the fruit, the little round, whitish berries with which we become familiar at Christmas in our festive household parties. The berry is filled with a semi-fluid viscous substance, as sticky as birdlime. But it is not until the fourth year of its growth that the plant yields these berries, and it is in the fifth or sixth year that it is worth while to take it for their sake. Many poor men in the neighbourhood of Paris go out to gather mistletoe, and may be met

carrying home a number of large clusters suspended from a pole or the branch of a tree over the shoulder. From two to five francs may be the price of one of the finest clusters sold in the city.

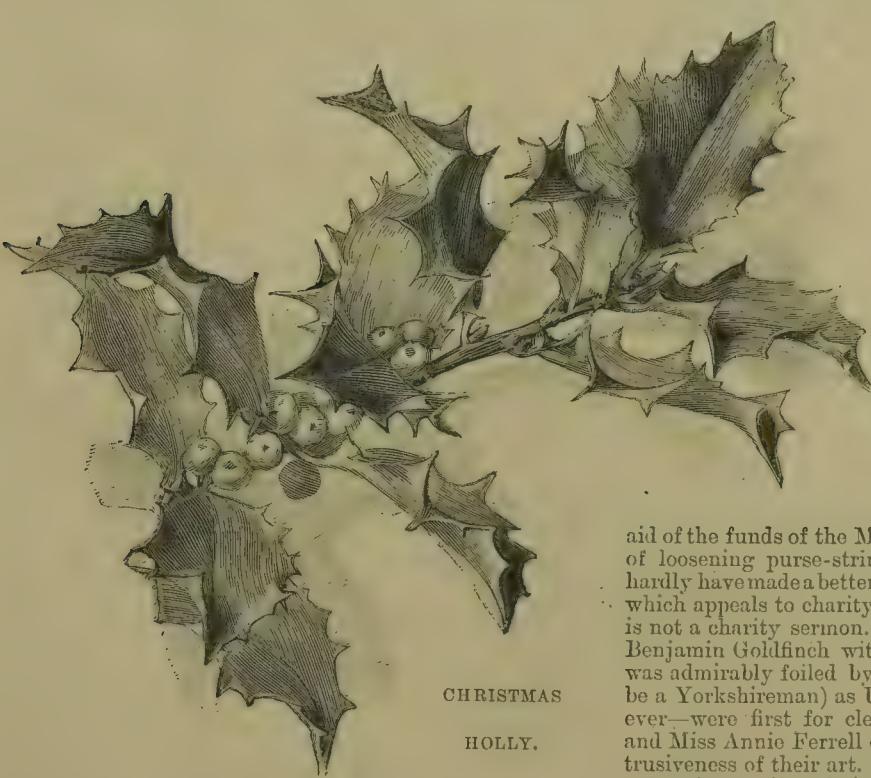
In explanation of the cause of this plant growing at such an elevation above the ground, to which the seeds would not be likely to be raised by the wind, it has been suggested by naturalists that some birds are very fond of eating the mistletoe berries, and that their stomachs can digest only the succulent portion of the contents, which, indeed, must be very sticky in the bird's throat; while the seed-grains, being quite indigestible, will afterwards be dropped from the bird's body, as it sits aloft on the tree, and may fall upon the branches. The mistletoe is considered injurious to apple-trees, and there is a law in Normandy enjoining its extirpation from the orchards, which has already effected a raising of the price.

French good society manners do not approve of the rather childlike old privilege of "kissing under the mistletoe," which was permitted by our mothers and grandmothers and remote ancestresses in England. As a Christmas decoration, the holly, the pine-branch, the ivy, the laurel, and other evergreens, with the flower called "Rose de Noël," are more suitable for artistic arrangement. There is less sentiment about the mistletoe in France than in England.



A MISTLETOE GATHERER.

has just been issued. The fact that the "Annual" has increased by exactly 150 pages in the ten years of its existence is not entirely satisfactory. If or part of a year-book's value is its handy portability. The corpulence which attacks books as well persons with advancing years needs restriction if healthy circulation—equally desirable in volumes as in veins—is to be maintained. Of course, it is not easy to compress, but we would humbly suggest the omission of every article not strictly allusive to topics of the day. Such articles as "Architecture," "Agriculture," "Banking," might be reduced, and the first-named even omitted. The symmetry of the volume is not aided by the number of cross-heads employed, and the grouping of many topics under one heading (e.g., "Law") has disadvantages. The policy of "Hazell" used to be in favour

CHRISTMAS  
HOLLY.

oak, and only the scholar is reminded by it of the derivation of the name of the Druids. It grows in a very peculiar manner: unlike all other plants, its shoots extend downwards as well as upwards, giving the tree an odd general appearance with these tufts sticking below and

aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. For the purpose of loosening purse-strings, the "play-committee" could hardly have made a better choice than "A Pair of Spectacles," which appeals to charity in almost every speech—and yet is not a charity sermon. Mr. George Stubberfield played Benjamin Goldfinch with a good deal of quiet power, and was admirably foiled by Mr. Arthur Andrews (who must be a Yorkshireman) as Uncle Gregory. But the ladies—as ever—were first for clever acting: Miss Mary Kingsley and Miss Annie Ferrell charmed exceedingly by the unobtrusiveness of their art. By way of *hors d'œuvre* a nigger entertainment by the "Magpie Minstrels" preceded the play, and was more amusing than most "shows" of that nature are.

The leading authority for every topic broached in newspapers or conversation has come to be "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), the new volume of which



MISTLETOE GROWING ON AN APPLE-TREE.

of decentralisation, and it was certainly an easier system for quick consultation. The article on the Labour movement is a capital piece of work, and so is that which treats of Railways. "Literature" is too diffuse, and hardly requisite in this period of daily literary supplements. The article on the Mercantile Marine of the World is valuable and careful; and the same may be said of the record of Parliament. There are a few new biographies, though we note the absence of any list of the royal family and biographies of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Many biographies need bringing up to date, such as those of Dr. Hubert Parry, Sir George Grove, Mr. Goschen, Christina Rossetti, sadly lacking in data; Hall Caine, Dr. Dale, Bret Harte, whose latest books are omitted. In such a mass of letterpress, a few errors cannot fail to appear. The M.P. for Brigg is lost under the name of "J. Mansell"; the Guildhall School of Music has no longer the services of the late C. P. Smith; Dr. Reynolds has resigned the principalship of Cheshunt College; the late throat-specialist was Sir Morell Mackenzie; in "Art," we read of Miss "Montalla," instead of Montalba. But these are trifles compared with the general care which has been exercised by the able editor, Mr. William Palmer.

## THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

There could no longer be any reasonable doubt. Poor Jack Lester had been drowned in the wreck of the *Oolacamund*, and Celia Grey was the most unhappy girl in Woodbury. She was forced to keep her grief to herself because she had not been officially engaged to Jack. She thought it might have been a little easier to bear if her friends had known how unhappy she was, and with what good reason. With this great secret sorrow in her heart the ordinary routine of life grew painful. She had no spirit for tennis parties, she hated her gay summer frocks, she even wished she need not act as bridesmaid to her cousin Susie. She used to lie awake at night and think about Jack, and wonder how much he had minded being drowned.

However, Celia went to her cousin's wedding, and spent three days away from Woodbury. The news of the wreck was a fortnight old and forgotten by most people when she came back again. She arrived by a morning train, sent her trunk to Beechdene House with a porter, and walked home through Woodbury High Street, where she wished to do some shopping. As she went into the stationer's she saw Fanny Potter there, a girl she knew slightly and disliked. If it had been possible she would have escaped from the shop rather than speak to Fanny, but she was recognised at once.

"Good morning, Celia," said Miss Potter, putting down a packet of black-edged envelopes and coming forward. For a short time some years ago the two girls had been in the same class at the High School, and on the strength of this Fanny continued to address Celia by her Christian name. She did not often get the chance of doing so. The Potters were not people with whom the Greys wished to be on friendly terms. Mr. Potter was an attorney of doubtful reputation. It was well known that on Fanny's behalf he had threatened a well-to-do farmer with a breach-of-promise case, and that the young man had only got off by paying a substantial sum. Since that time Fanny had dressed more fashionably than ever, but she had not been asked for her hand and heart again.

Celia bought what she wanted, and was about to leave the shop when Fanny followed her and said that they might as well walk a little way together. She was going past Beechdene.

Celia had no excuse on the tip of her tongue, so she did as she was asked, although she rather objected to be seen in Miss Potter's society. The two young women walked through the town together, and were soon in a quiet country road. It was a very hot morning.

"You must find that gown rather heavy," said Celia, who saw that her companion wore mourning deep enough for a young widow.

"My heart is very heavy," said Fanny, with an accentuated sigh.

Celia reflected. She had not heard of Mr. Potter's demise; and Mrs. Potter she had seen at the station dressed in bright blue.

"I did not know you were in trouble," she said civilly.

It was rather difficult to be more than civil, because Fanny showed her grief in such an objectionable way. She had pulled out a pocket-handkerchief with a broad black border, and was sobbing into it so lowly that anyone they passed stared after them.

"Didn't you know?" howled Fanny.

"No," said Celia. "What is the matter?"

"I thought everyone knew. I am staying with the Lesters. That is why I have to pass Beechdene."

Celia felt as if her heart stopped for a moment, and then went on again in a greater hurry than was comfortable. She laughed rather nervously and said—

"I don't know what you mean. You are not in mourning because you are staying with the Lesters, I suppose?"

"What a heartless girl you must be to make fun of us when we are in such trouble!" sobbed Fanny. She paused while a wave of extra strong emotion shook her breast; and then she added in a sepulchral tone, "Poor Jack Lester is drowned!"

"I know that," said Celia sharply; "but I don't see yet why you should be in mourning."

"Jack and I were engaged."

Celia turned ashen white. Otherwise she made no sign. She walked ahead doggedly, and kept her open sunshade between her companion and herself.

"He gave me this ring," continued Fanny, pulling off her glove. "Look at it! 'From Jack to Fanny' is engraved inside. Poor dear Jack!"

Celia raised her sunshade a little and glanced at the ring. She thought it rather vulgar, and quite suitable for Miss Potter. It consisted of a large emerald surrounded by coarsely cut diamonds. She thought it did not look Jack's choice.

"How long"—she began, and then to her vexation she could not go on. Her heart beat too much.

"How long were we engaged? Oh! only just before he sailed. No one knew of it; but when I heard that he was drowned I wrote to his father and mother. I felt sure they would be glad, poor old things. I am staying with them now."

"Really!" said Celia, and then, having arrived at the gate of Beechdene, she rather abruptly bid good-bye.

From her mother Celia learned that the impossible story was true. Woodbury rang with the news. The Lesters were great people, the Potters very little ones. No one could understand why Jack Lester should have made such a trumpery choice, or how Fanny with her blowsy beauty had managed to captivate him. Without the ring she would hardly have persuaded anyone that she told the truth. Directly the confirmation of his death arrived she had put herself into mourning and drawn down the parlour blinds, while Mr. and Mrs. Potter, with an air of great surprise, spread the report of her bereavement. They had not known of any engagement, they said, until poor dear Fanny swooned at the news of the wreck, and afterwards exhibited her ring. She nearly swooned again when Colonel Lester called. She said he reminded her so strongly of her beloved Jack.

Colonel Lester and his wife were elderly people, who led a secluded life in their beautiful old home. They saw little of the world outside the Langholme Gates. When Fanny's letter reached them they had to make inquiries about her, and the answers they got were unpleasing. But in the first stress of their great sorrow they would have welcomed the Woodbury sweep at Langholme if he could

tea-cakes. These are cold. Try this chair, Mrs. Grey. The old lady's right ear is not so deaf as her left one."

But neither Mrs. Grey nor Celia took very much notice of the young woman. Mrs. Lester welcomed her old friends with affection, led them to a distant part of the large room, and gave her own orders to Wilkins. For a little while Miss Fanny felt out of it. She put a word in on several occasions when she had better have remained silent; she moved restlessly about the room, and when the fresh tea came she would have dispensed it if Mrs. Lester had not chosen to take possession of the tray herself. It was not until Colonel Lester appeared that Miss Fanny had a chance of reasserting herself. Then she came forward again and made a to-do about his cup of tea. She must pour it out for him. She knew how much sugar he liked. She felt sure that draught at the back of his head could not be good for him. He must really allow her to shut the window. The old man looked worried by these attentions, but he seemed to reckon them well meant. He treated her with exquisite kindness, and Mrs. Grey felt sure that he rather than his wife was responsible for Miss Potter's prolonged stay in the house. Mrs. Lester's manner to her guest had not been very cordial.

Colonel Lester looked delighted to see Celia, but he asked her why she had grown so white and thin.

"What can a young girl have to fret about?" he said.

"Oh! Colonel!" sighed Miss Potter, reproachfully.

Everyone had finished tea, and Mrs. Lester proposed an adjournment to the flower-garden, when they were stopped by Wilkins coming in and asking, with a shaky voice, for his master. The old servant looked scared and upset.

"What is it, Wilkins?" said Miss Potter. "Anything I can do? The Colonel is tired."

Wilkins vouchsafed no reply. He did not even look her way. Colonel Lester got up and went out of the room. Perhaps two minutes passed before he returned. The ladies had begun to talk of something else, when the Colonel opened the door, stood still for a moment on the threshold, looked fixedly at his wife, and then over his shoulder towards the hall. It was just as if Mrs. Lester could read something in his face that no one else understood. She got up and walked in a quick, trembling way towards her husband.

"Jack!" she cried. She went with outstretched hands beyond the door, and before anyone quite understood what had happened, Jack rushed forward and took his mother into his arms.

Celia turned so white that her mother thought she would faint; but the next moment she had blushed rosy red because Jack Lester had seized her hand and seemed reluctant to let it go again. No one noticed the Potter girl steal stealthily towards the low French window that stood open to the lawn.

"What does it mean, Jack?" said his mother at last. "You look very ill."

"I've been pretty bad. I lay in a hut on the Spanish coast for three weeks. I was knocked silly, you know, against the rocks, and then hauled out by some fishermen. The poor chap they took for me must have got hold of my coat with my papers in. It all happened in the dark and in such a hurry. I might have wired from London, but I thought I would just come on. When they put me on board at Cadiz I was not in a condition to act for myself, and the people who looked after me did not know how to get at you."

"We have been taking care of your bride, Jack," said Colonel Lester, who was a good deal surprised by his son's cool manner to her.

Jack looked puzzled, pleased, undetermined.

"My bride!" he said, with a happy light in his eyes, "Celia!"

And he held out both his hands to Miss Grey, at whose side he had reigned. But she hung back blushing and embarrassed.

"Jack!" exclaimed his father sternly. "I mean Miss Potter."

"There goes Miss Potter!" said Mrs. Grey, pointing to the French window that she could see from her seat. Colonel Lester looked startled, and turned round. They could all see a buxom crape-clad figure speeding down the lawn.

"She said you were engaged," gasped the Colonel. "We believed it."

"You did," said Mrs. Lester. "I disliked the girl from the first."

"You never believed it?" said Jack to Celia.

"She wore your ring," stammered Celia.

"That she most certainly did not," said Jack.

"It had 'From Jack to Fanny' inside. I saw the inscription."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "there was no doubt about the inscription."

"I did not give it to her."

"It is very curious," said Mrs. Lester. "How did she get the ring?"

"I think I know," said Mrs. Grey, who had listened with a meditative face to Jack's denials. "The man who jilted her, the man she threatened with a breach-of-promise case, was called John Smith. He is in Australia now, and the whole business happened out of Woodbury, so I suppose she thought it quite safe to use his ring."

"None of us could understand your taste, Jack," said Mrs. Lester.

"You do now, though," said Jack, taking Celia's hand.



"He gave me this ring. Look at it! 'From Jack to Fanny' is engraved inside."

have proved that their only son had given him an invitation. As it was, they prepared the west bedroom for Fanny Potter and asked her to spend a fortnight with them.

Woodbury looked on astonished. Mr. and Mrs. Potter held up their heads and talked about the dear Colonel and his wonderful affection for their eldest girl. Celia drooped. Her mother thought of sending her to the sea, she lost colour and weight so fast. The poor child was grievously hurt. She had loved Jack Lester and believed in him. There had been enough of an understanding between them to warrant her hopes. Had he deceived her? And what made her heart ache most—the fable of his treachery or the thought that he was dead.

About a month after the wreck of the *Oolacamund*, Mrs. Grey said that she must go and see Mrs. Lester one afternoon, and she hoped that Celia would accompany her.

"You go without me," said Celia.

"Mrs. Lester is so fond of you," observed Mrs. Grey.

"Oh! but she has the Potter girl now," said Celia, dejectedly.

Nevertheless, when the afternoon came she went to Langholme with her mother. They were shown into the drawing-room, and found Mrs. Lester and her guest at tea. Miss Potter advanced to meet them, and without any loss of time began to show how much she felt at home.

"How d'ye do, Celia!" she cried, and her jet bangles rattled as she wobbled Celia's hand to and fro in the latest "society" manner. "So glad you've come. You'll cheer up the old lady. Fresh tea, Wilkins, and some hot



"THE GOOD OLD TIMES!"

## LITERATURE.

## A LIVING CLASSIC.

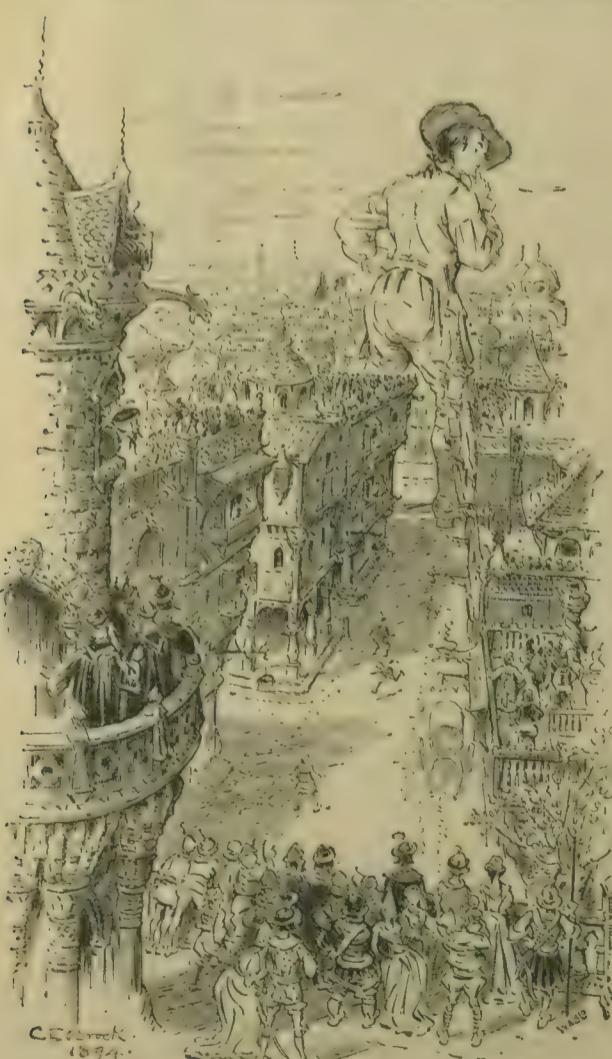
*Gulliver's Travels.* Illustrated by C. E. Brock. (Macmillan and Co.)—To most people the word "classic," as applied to a book, is a respectful way of describing a work held in traditional esteem and never read. There are



"I eat more than usual."

From "Gulliver's Travels" (Macmillan and Co.)

many classics, no doubt, which make a great strain upon the modern patience. They are so literally out of date, so far removed from any active interest, that to read them is a toil, and to speak of them a convention. Is this ever likely to be true of "Gulliver"? Here is a new edition, with an introduction by Mr. Henry Craik, and many excellent illustrations by Mr. Brock. The book-lover may glance at it with a certain curiosity. "I read this when a boy," he may say. "Do boys read it now? Rather old-fashioned, I fancy, for the youngster who craves for tales of pirates, with a murder or a shipwreck in every page." And musing in this superior fashion he turns over a leaf or two till his eye lights on a well-remembered phrase. Instantly his attention is taken captive, and he settles down to read these wonderful narratives once more with an interest that never flags. We praise many a modern story-teller for his invention, but what a poor thing it seems beside Swift's



"I walked with the utmost circumspection."

From "Gulliver's Travels" (Macmillan and Co.)

inexhaustible fancy, the copiousness and graphic accuracy of his detail, the infinite humour, the tremendous irony! Again the famous controversy of the sects who disagreed as to the orthodox end of an egg, and burnt one another at the stake as an argument against heresy, illuminates with a sort of ferocious flash the religious animosities of mediaevalism. Again the contrast between the immensity of the universe and the

infinitesimal dignities of race or country darts sometimes savagely, sometimes grotesquely, through Gulliver's diverting adventures in Brobdingnag. "I broke my right shin against the shell of a Snail which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England." Again the prescient sarcasm lights the way for the researches of modern science, and we see the doctrine of evolution foreshadowed in the story of the monkey-as big as an elephant that captured Gulliver and caressed him with a vague feeling of kinship. "I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own Species, by his often stroking my Face very gently with his other paw." And apart from the satire and philosophy, what fertility and ingenuity in the incidents, what masculine vigour in the style! No, this is not one of the classics which become mere conventions. It is alive for all of us, young and old; and even the most superior persons may find profit in the reading of it, if only to learn that it was Swift and not a platform orator who first said that the greatest achievement of public spirit was to make "two Ears of Corn or Two Blades of Grass to grow upon a Spot of ground where only one grew before."

## STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

*Lily and the Lift, and Other Fairy Tales.* By Mrs. Herbert Railton. (Seeley and Co.)—This little book gives the impression that we have a new and very charming writer for children. The conception of the principal story, that from which the volume takes its title, is a delightful parody on "Jack and the Beanstalk." Lily goes up the lift of a great Roman hotel and finds herself in a fairy land somewhere among the spheres, far above St. Peter's and the slate, tiles, and chimney-pots of modern Rome. Of her adventures in the garden of the Fairy Queen, of her introduction to the little girl nicknamed "I Don't Know," because she was always saying so; what occurred in the Garden of Roses, and her final descent clinging to a parachute, will be full of delight to

imaginative children. But the second and third stories will probably strike the grown-up reader even more. "The Land of Paint" is delightfully original. Starting from the very ordinary incident of a child who wanders into the forbidden ground of an artist's studio, we instantly find ourselves transported to a fantastic world of paint fairies, who finally turn the naughty little heroine into a lay figure. The idea is cleverly worked out, each piece of studio "property," from the skeleton to a Dutch clock, playing its part in the Land of Paint. "Arthur's Strange Adventure" among the mermaidens and the merbabies is shorter and slighter, but marked with a delicate and pathetic touch. It has enabled the illustrator to do some remarkably delicate and dainty work, worthy of special notice. Indeed, all the illustrations are charming, and recall some of "Dicky Doyle's" best fairyland work.

## DR. CONAN DOYLE'S NEW BOOK.

*Round the Red Lamp, being Facts and Fancies of Medical Life.* By A. Conan Doyle. (Methuen and Co.)—When Dr. Doyle gave up the practice of medicine for the practice of letters, he brought with him an amount of "copy" which laymen in his new vocation must have envied. Dr. Doyle loves and thoroughly appreciates his profession. In one of the short stories published in this new book he makes an old surgeon say, "It is such a pleasure to do a little good that a man should pay for the privilege instead of being paid for it. He goes from house to house, and his step and his voice are loved and welcomed in each. What could a man ask for more than that? And besides, he is forced to be a good man. It is impossible for him to be anything else. How can a man spend his whole life in seeing suffering bravely borne, and yet remain a hard or a vicious man? It is a noble, generous, kindly profession, and you youngsters have got to see that it remains so." After this and other puffs which he gives the profession in this fascinating book the faculty will forgive Dr. Doyle for making the brilliance of the layman in his detective stories shine at the expense of the stupidity of the doctor. By-the-way, perhaps Dr. Doyle will tell us how Dr. Watson managed to pass in medical jurisprudence? "Round the Red Lamp" is a collection of fifteen short stories, half of which are published for the first time, and all, with the exception of "A Straggler of '15," having reference more or less direct to the medical profession. Even in the case of "The Straggler of '15"—which, as everyone knows now, is the tale on which Mr. Irving's new play, "A Story of Waterloo," is based (but why was not the original picturesque title preserved?—a doctor is introduced to say, "Ninety years ail him. His arteries are pipes of lime. His heart is shrunken and flabby. The man is worn out.") This story is the gem of the collection, and it is many years since we have had such a remarkable figure made to "live" in fiction. The old Guardsman, who obtained a special medal for bravery at Waterloo, and now spends half the night going "back and forrards, doing what he calls his sentry go," and who now asks his daughter to "keep to the wars" when she reads the Old Testament to him—"Them Israelites was good soldiers"—is a wonderful, picturesque figure; and when at the end of the story we see "the old man standing up, his blue eyes sparkling, his white hair bristling, his whole figure towering and expanding, with eagle head and

glance of fire, thundering, 'The Guards need powder, and by God they shall have it!'" and fall dead, we know that Dr. Doyle has added a figure to our literature which will live. All the stories in the book, however, are not on this level. "The Third Generation," for instance, should never have been written. In the first place, like "The Case of Lady Sannon," it is not good art, and in the second place the object in writing it is hard to see. The plot of the story is a commonplace to medical men, and for laymen the only possible use is to frighten them into morality. As for "The Case of Lady Sannon," is it likely that a surgeon of high standing would consent to go into the slums of London at the wish of a seedy Turk, and there perform an operation on a woman's lip without ever seeing her face, and on the assurance only of this Turk that a scar (which was the bruise from a blow with a signet ring) was due to a poisonous snake? After the operation the woman turns out to be a lover of the surgeon's, and the Turk her husband in disguise. The surgeon becomes a hopeless lunatic, and the lady goes to a nunnery. There are other impossibilities in the book, but a collection which includes such masterpieces of art as "A Physiologist's Wife," "A False Start," and "Lot No. 249," and such amusing stories as "The Los Amigos Fiasco" and "A Question of Diplomacy," is sure to be read largely by physician and patient alike; that is, if the latter is agreeable not to have his or her nerves shattered by hearing the alarmist surgeon say, "What a satire an asylum is upon the majesty of man, and no less upon the ethereal nature of the soul!" "Faith and hope," murmurs the general practitioner. "I have no faith, not much hope, and all the charity I can afford," says the surgeon. "When theology squares itself with the facts of life, I'll read it up."

## HONEY OF ALOES.

*Honey of Aloes, and Other Stories.* By Nora Vynne, Author of "The Blind Artist's Pictures." One vol. (Ward, Lock and Bowden).—Judging from this little volume, Miss Nora Vynne belongs to the class—rare in England—of born short-story tellers, and to that group of the class which excels in dealing with familiar life. Her two fairy-tale efforts are not in any way striking; and the



"Who comes?"

From "Lily and the Lift" (Seeley and Co.)

longest story, occupying half the volume, and giving its name to the whole, is very far inferior to several of the shorter ones. It lacks, curiously enough, just those qualities of balance, proportion, and construction which are present to perfection in "A Happy Family." This little tale reveals, in the space of ten pages, the whole essential history of two households. It is a model short story, in which the most expert or the most captious of critics would find it difficult to suggest an alteration for the better. "Lost Kisses," too, stands on a very high level. The touch is at once light, firm, and true, and a very subtle phase of feeling is exactly and delicately rendered. The writers who can do just this are few, and the collection would have been really stronger if it had contained only ten short tales instead of all the thirteen. It would then have shown the author's powers without also showing her limitations; whereas now the best in the book puts the second best out of focus. "Honey of Aloes" is a story which most magazine editors would accept—and, indeed, would do well to accept—brightly written, readable, with a certain vividness of character presentation and a good deal of clear insight into the way in which persons act and react upon each other. If there were nothing better in the book, we should like it well enough, but its neighbours kill it, and it, in turn, damages them. Its "Peggy" is followed by a second "Peggy" of somewhat the same type in "Their Reason," a shorter and stronger story, which is placed, most injudiciously, in immediate succession. "The Suicide in Curb Street," again, presents a situation which slightly recalls a scene in "Honey of Aloes," and, again, the later story receives in consequence a certain air of the second-hand.

When all is said, however, the whole book is both readable and well written. The first quality will endear it to the public, which cares little for style or workmanship, and the second to the critics who pass their lives in futile irritation against the many persons who can't write, but do. Between them, Miss Vynne should win the success which her work certainly deserves.

EDINBURGH 1860      LONDON 1851      J.S. FRY & SONS      DUBLIN 1865      PARIS 1855      NEW YORK 1853      LONDON 1862      MOSCOW 1863      PARIS 1867      VIENNA 1873      PHILADELPHIA 1876      CAPE TOWN 1877      PARIS 1878      SYDNEY 1879      MELBOURNE 1880      PARIS 1883      ADELAIDE 1884      CALCUTTA 1884      PARIS 1889      NEW ORLEANS 1885

**COCOA IN PERFECTION**

90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM  
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

**FRY'S**  
Pure Concentrated **Cocoa**

J.S. FRY & SONS      HIGHEST HONOURS: BRISTOL, LONDON, SYDNEY, CHICAGO, 1893

"THERE IS NO BEVERAGE WHICH CAN SO CONFIDENTLY BE RECOMMENDED."

MEDICAL ANNUAL

Strongest and Best for **HEALTH**

## ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

## V.—THE LARK IN AUTUMN.

Men are out on the ridge hard by catching larks with mirrors. Catching skylarks for table! Just think of the sacrilege! Listen! As I write I can hear the dear birds carolling loud even now in the divine sunshine; singing gaily at Heaven's gate, as they sang for Shakspere; pouring their full hearts, in their joy, as they poured them for Shelley! And these London jail-birds, slouching figures in short jackets and round-brimmed hats, have come down from their slums to our free Surrey moors, to catch and kill them! How I hope they will fail! To the lover of nature, in spite of the proverb, a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand—or, indeed, two thousand!

At this moment, to tell you true, our meadows and pastures are just thronged with skylarks. We have always dozens of them, proclaiming their gladness every sunshiny day in rich cataracts of music. But within the last few days the dozens have turned into scores and hundreds, for it is the time of the great influx of Continental larks over sea into England. There is a difference, too, though a slight one, between our true home birds and the hungry refugees who flock here for food and warmth in winter. Our native and resident skylark is the smaller bird of the two, and more russet in colour; the migrants who join him in our winter fields are both larger and darker. Their ashy isabelline plumage, cold grey granite in hue, has less of a generous rufous tinge to relieve it than in the true-born Briton. Such minor differences, indeed, between local races of allied type occur often in nature; they are the first beginnings out of which new kinds may in time be developed by natural selection. For instance, each important river of Britain has its own breed of salmon, to be recognised at sight—so they say—by the experienced fly-fisher. Thus, again, in the matter of skylarks, our English type differs slightly in shape and hue from the Continental—just about as much as your John Bull differs from a Frenchman or a German. As we approach the Mediterranean, a still paler and lighter form begins to take the place of the northern bird, and has been honoured (without due reason, as I think) with a separate Latin name as a distinct species. It stands to our own ruddy-brown English skylark in something the same relation as the Moor or the Syrian stands to the Western European. This pale form, once more, straggles through Anatolia and across Central Asia; but merges in the Himalayas, Japan, and China into a russet mountain type, which is also regarded by systematic naturalists as a distinct species. The truth is, however, when you take any large area of the world together, it is impossible to draw distinct lines anywhere between one animal or plant and another. Kind melts into kind for the most part by imperceptible stages.

Even in the dreariest months our skylark still sings to us, at rarer intervals, on bright frosty mornings. He hovers over the grass when it sparkles and scintillates with crystal filigree. His music it is that so endears him to all of us. He is busy at work now, I see, in the stubble of the corn-fields, where, a useful ally of the agricultural interest, he picks out the seeds of black bindweed and corn-poppy—not unmixed, it is true, with occasional grains of wheat or barley. But he does far more good than harm, for all that. Natives and foreigners live amicably side by side, though they do not breed together; for the immigrants, mindful of their Baltic homes, go off again in early spring, leaving the smaller British birds to mate and nest and keep up the true blue blood of the Britannic skylark. While hard weather lasts, the families flock together in large mixed bodies, for mutual protection, I suppose, or else for love of companionship: but at the beginning of March they separate and pair, and during this tremulous season of love and courtship their song falls from the clouds still blither and louder and more constant than ever. It showers down upon us with lavish profusion. The male birds rise emulously, singing as they go, and displaying with pride their powers of song and flight before their mates and their rivals. Often they join battle at their giddy height for some coveted mate, and fight it out in the sky: she sits demure below on the dewy grass meanwhile, watching their deeds of prowess, listening to their bursting hearts, and ready to bestow herself, like ladies at a tournament, on the lover who proves himself the stoutest and the worthiest. For we must always remember that those liquid notes which thrill our souls on glad spring mornings have been acquired by the bird, not for our human delight, but as a charm for the ears of his own love-sick partner. For her he modulates his swelling throat; for her he showers down that fountain spray of melody. Time was when birds had no such musical skill, no such art of courtship; and traces still remain to us in many lands of that more primitive period. Just as man is most advanced, most civilised, most modern in Europe, so birds are most advanced, most developed, most musical of voice in the eastern continent. And just as primitive races linger on in South Africa, Polynesia, the Andaman Islands, to give us some pregnant hint of our own early ancestry, so more antique and less evolved types of bird linger on in South America and Australia to show us some relics of the primitive winged fauna in the days before the sense of song was developed. South American species, belonging to the same great group of perchers as our own sweetest songsters—the nightingale, the thrush, the skylark, the linnet—are not only voiceless, but do not even possess the necessary organs for producing song. European and Asiatic birds, in other words, acquired their singing habits at a later period than the one at which their ancestors parted company for good with their South American relatives. Indeed, it is pleasant for the evolutionist to think that the whole course of the world's evolution has been in one constant stream towards beauty and sweetness—towards lovelier plumage, daintier spots and dapplings, more graceful antlers, more waving crests, diviner song, intenser colour and scent of flowers. The subtlest perfumes belong to the newest types and families of blossom; the mellowest notes belong to the newest types and families of birds; the highest beauty belongs to the newest and most spiritual races of civilised humanity. The world, thank God! grows ever more lovely, more pure, more harmonious.

## CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2631 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of Nos. 2639 and 2640 from M V Srinivasu (Ayangar (Mysore Province)); of No. 2641 from W J Flack (St. Thomas, Ontario); of No. 2643 from William Miller (Cork), Dal, T. Roberts, E C M M, and E G (St. Ives); of No. 2644 from J Ross (Whitley), F Leachman (Brighton), Francis W Jackson, E R E, Ubique, A H B, Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Hall, W E Thompson, S W F, E Arthur (Exmouth), E W Burnell, Birchanger, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and E B Foord.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2645 received from E E H, Edward J Sharpe, Odium Club, G Douglas Angus, T Roberts, F Leete (Sudbury), Sorrento, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), A H B, Dal Segontium (Carnarvon), Rev F Bishop (Ealing Chess Club), Ubique, F Glanville, T G (Ware), A Newman, Carnarvon, Shadforth, E Loudon, Dr F St, Rev Francis W Jackson, W and A Barnard (Uppingham), J Bailey (Newark), C D (Camberwell), H S Brandreth, W Benglas (Bipon), Charles Burnett, J Coad, R H Brooks, W H B (Plymouth), Charlie Ranger, J C Ireland, Martin F, W R Italiem, Hereward, Dawn, W H Peach, C E Perugini, J T Orage (Clapham), M A Eyre (Boulogne), Admiral Brandreth, and L Desanges.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2644.—By MAX J. MEYER.

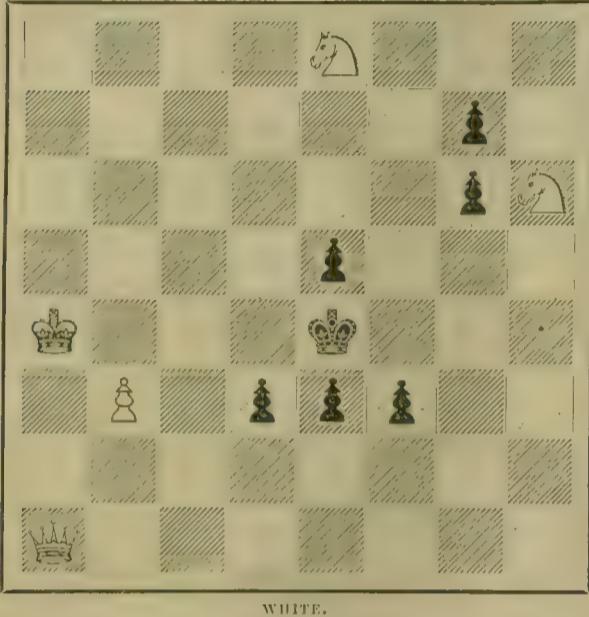
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Kt 3rd. K to Q 5th  
2. K to Q 6th P moves  
3. R to Q 3rd. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 5th; 2. K to B 6th, and if P to Q 5th, then 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM NO. 2647.

By A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.

WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHRISTMAS CHESS.

The two following games are from Dr. TARRASCH's recently published selection of his games.  
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Schwartz.) BLACK (Dr. Tarrasch.) WHITE (Mr. Schwartz.) BLACK (Dr. Tarrasch.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th Q to K 4th looks somewhat superior.  
2. P to Q 4th P takes P 11. Kt to Kt 5th  
3. P to Q B 3rd Q to K 2nd 12. Q to Kt 5th Q to Q 2nd  
Considered by Dr. Tarrasch a good reply  
to White's last move.  
13. Castles

Fatal, but it does not appear that any move would be satisfactory in this position.

14. K to R sq B to B 4th (ch)  
15. R takes Kt Kt to B 7th (ch)

16. Kt to Kt sq Q takes Kt (ch)

Dr. Tarrasch here, as in so many of his games, finishes elegantly.

17. K takes Q R to Q 8. Mate.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Dr. Tarrasch.) BLACK (Mr. Richter.) WHITE (Dr. Tarrasch.) BLACK (Mr. Richter.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 9. Q to Q 4th Kt takes Kt  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 10. P takes Kt B to K 2nd  
3. B to K 5th P to Q R 3rd 11. If B to B 4th, White gets a splendid  
4. B to R 4th Kt to K B 3rd position by B to Q R 3rd.  
5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to B 4th 12. Castles P to K Kt 3rd  
6. Kt takes K P to K 4th 13. Q to K B 3rd Q to Q Kt sq  
Another of the innumerable variations of  
this most popular opening.  
6. Kt takes Kt 14. B to Kt 3rd Castles  
7. P to Q 4th Kt takes Kt 15. B to R 6th B to Q Kt 2nd  
8. P takes Kt Kt to Q Kt 5th 16. Q to B 4th P to Q 4th  
17. P takes P (en pass.) B takes Q P 18. Q to Q 4th, and wins.

Played recently in Prague between Mr. F. CERMÁK and Dr. BAZÍKA.  
(Gliedro Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Dr. B.) WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Dr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 6. P takes P B to K 2nd  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 2nd This piece should have retired to Kt 3rd.  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th 7. B to Q 2nd P to Q R 3rd  
4. P to B 3rd P to K R 3rd 8. B takes P (ch) K takes B  
This and Black's seventh move are good  
illustrations of how time may be wasted  
in critical situations. The natural conse-  
quence is a lost game.  
5. P to Q 4th P takes P 9. P to Q 5th Kt to Q R 2nd  
10. Kt to K 5th (ch) K to K sq 11. Q to R 5th (ch) K to B sq  
12. Q to B 8th. Mate.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.  
The following problem was awarded the first prize in the Hackney Mercury tournament—

By P. G. L. E.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 8th, R at Q B 6th and Q B 8th, B at K Kt sq and Q 3rd, Kt at K Kt 4th, Ps at K 2nd, Q 1th, K 6th, Q Kt 6th, and Q R 5th.

Black: K at Q 4th, R at K 6th, Ps at Q 2nd, K Kt 6th and 7th.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

By F. M. TEED (New York).

White: K at Q 8th, Q at K Kt 2nd, B at Q Kt sq and K B 6th, Kt at K 4th, P at Q B 5th.

Black: K at K 3rd, Kt at K B 6th, Ps at Q B 3rd and K B 5th.  
White mates in two moves.

By P. F. BLAKE.

White: K at K Kt 8th, Q at Q B 8th, R at Q sq and K B 7th, B at K Kt sq and K B 3rd, Kts at K 3rd and Q 3rd, P at Q B 2nd.

Black: K at K 5th, Q at Q Kt sq, B at Q Kt sq, Kts at K R 7th and Q R 3rd, Ps at Q Kt 4th, K Kt 3rd, K Kt 6th, and Q R 2nd.  
White mates in two moves.

By S. L. LOYD.

White: K at Q B 8th, Q at K Kt 8th, Kts at K B 3rd and K Kt 6th, B at K Kt 3rd, P at K 7th.

Black: K at K B 3rd, R at K R 2nd, B at K R sq.  
White mates in two moves.

By F. HOFFMAN (New York).

White: K at K B 7th, Q at Q Kt 2nd, B at K 4th, Ps at K 3rd and K B 4th.

Black: K at Q B 5th. White mates in three moves.

By DR. C. C. MOORE.

White: K at K 3rd, Q at K Kt 2nd, R at K 4th and Q B 7th.

Black: K at Q R 3rd, Ps at Q 4th, K 2nd, K B 3rd, and Q Kt 3rd and 4th.  
White mates in three moves.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

By MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is a pleasure to find that a great many women have been found willing to offer themselves for election to the new District Councils in all parts of the country. Among them is the Countess of Warwick, who has for some years shown herself open to the claims of charity, following the example of her mother, the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, who is the foundress of a home for convalescent women. Lady Warwick has established a school of needlework for the daughters of her villagers, so as to prevent them from being driven forth to London life or to field work; and not only does she supervise the school and its dépôt in London, but she personally selects the patterns and styles of trimming. By standing for a Guardian of the Poor, Lady Warwick shows that she realises that the changed conditions of modern life make it necessary for women to-day to perform their duties to the poor and miserable in new ways—though it is no derogation from the value of the actual work that she will do to add that the chief importance of such action on the part of a great lady is that it helps to make it popular and easy for other women to do likewise.

It is only the *ways* of doing woman's work—not the essentials of womanly duties and ideals—that change. Many people fall into error of opinion on these matters by failure to comprehend the difference between the methods that are purely temporary, a matter to be decided by the convenience and the habits of the time or even of the locality, and the ideals and standards that are essential and permanent. For instance, in such a matter as dress it is eternally right and needful that the attire of women should differ from that of men, but just how the difference should be displayed is simply a question of convenience and custom. In greater matters the same is true. Women have always done a large share of the world's work, both industrial and civic; but how they did it, and what they did, have varied according to circumstances, and what it suited for women to do in feudal times and surroundings was not a criterion for the age of Elizabeth, any more than the duties and possibilities of the pre-machinery days of the Tudors can be our model for the altogether different conditions of to-day. It is the same in charity—that gracious war against the evils suffered by others, the altruistic struggle to alleviate pain and lighten the pinch of poverty. In old days, a woman of station could know personally every creature within a moderate radius of her home; they were not too numerous for her to visit and help in need individually. This can no longer be so. Charity must now, in our big population, our easy removals, our political changes, be less personal, more wide. It must work under organisation, and through agents, and be none the less effective, as it is certainly none the less needed, because it is in new forms. Where a sweet, kind woman in past times would have visited cottages and supplied the wants she found by making simples in her still-room and garments in her boudoir, she can now help a far wider circle, and do so far more effectually, by working for a hospital or by standing for an election.

There is truly work for women in connection with workhouses. Anybody who wants to know one form of it can send to the Countess of Meath's secretary for the report on the "Brabazon Employment Scheme." Lady Meath found in workhouses numbers of poor old men and women over sixty, too feeble or worn-out to be able to keep themselves out of "the house," and yet active of mind and body, condemned to sit hour after hour absolutely without employment. For many of them, ten, fifteen, or twenty years of such a terrible existence was the punishment of living to be old. So Lady Meath got a lady guardian of Kensington to obtain permission for materials for voluntary work to be introduced into the aged wards of the place; and old men as well as old women have thankfully taken to knitting, wood-carving, and embroidery, Lady Meath selling the work when possible, and letting them have the money to buy little luxuries. The real benefit to these poor things, however, is that of having something to do, something to fill time and to prevent the horrible sense of being absolutely useless. The "Brabazon Scheme" is now at work in some sixty unions.

Then there are the incurables, the really infirm—numbered, alas! by thousands in the workhouses of the country. To know something of their lot, read the chapter on it in the extremely interesting "Life of Frances Power Cobbe." When the death of her father, an Irish gentleman of position, whose house she had presided over, left her without home ties and duties, she, with noble neglection, filled her life with work for the unhappy and neglected. Miss Cobbe's chapter on Incurables in Workhouses is almost too heartrending to read. "What are you crying about?" asked my greatest woman friend, who was with me when I read this book. "A terrible chapter that I shall dream about to-night," I replied. The next day she, in her turn, read the volume, and I saw the tears streaming down her face. "You are reading about the incurable paupers?" I said—and so it was. There lie those unhappy victims of diseases of that cruel kind that do not kill but torture; agonising sometimes for half a lifetime; often imperfectly attended to by other inmates of the workhouse alone; having nothing to do, nothing new to see, no hope for the morrow, no rest in the day that is passing. One man, still in the prime of his years, Miss Cobbe met with, who had actually saved £700 out of his earnings; yet, stricken with partial paralysis, he had slowly exhausted the provision and fallen into the workhouse infirmary. Another woman, only about thirty, was completely paralysed, and could speak but with her wild, beseeching eyes: many years of that death in life were before her, perhaps. Men and women who have worked hard and held their heads high are stricken by such diseases. Discharged from hospitals, or given over by unpaid doctors, and penniless, they must go to the workhouse. "I have come to stay till I die," the new patient would say with quivering lips to the visitor. What Miss Cobbe did towards cheering a few such miserable ones may be read in her book. Of course lady guardians will have special duties towards such, and will not be mere visitors on sufferance of officials. Another class of cases that they can specially help are the young mothers of unwanted babies. Two lady guardians of Liverpool have just received a special vote of thanks from their colleagues for their services in this direction.

# THE FIVE SENSES.

THE COMBINED USE IN A PRACTICAL FORM MEANS COMMON SENSE,  
*or in other words*

## THE ACME OF THIS LIFE.

No Power is of any Value, save to him who can put it to a Good Use.

"WAR IN A CHRISTIAN LAND IS A LIVING LIE."—*Times.*

### WAR.

"O World!

O Men! What are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."

Byron,

### RUSSIA and ENGLAND.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES in Russia  
HAS bridged over difficulties between  
TWO Great Asiatic Powers, while  
TONS weight of official correspondence  
WOULD not have sufficed to  
RAISE a mere plankway."

WHAT is more terrible than war?

### OUTRAGED NATURE.

She kills, and kills, and is never tired  
Of killing till she has taught man  
The terrible lesson he is slow to learn—  
That Nature is only conquered  
By obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce  
When she is offended, as she is  
Bounteous and kind when she is obeyed.  
Oh! would to God that some man  
Had the pictorial eloquence  
To put before the mothers of England  
The mass of preventible suffering



Which exists in England  
Year after year! (Kingsley.)  
How much longer must the causes  
Of the startling array of  
Preventable deaths continue unchecked?  
WHAT higher aim can man attain  
THAN conquest over human pain?  
FOR the PREVENTION of DISEASE by  
natural means use  
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

TO all LEAVING HOME for a CHANGE.  
DON'T GO WITHOUT a BOTTLE of  
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It prevents any over-acid state of the  
blood. It should be kept in every bed-room in  
readiness for any emergency. Be careful to  
avoid rash acidulated Salines, and use ENO'S  
"FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming  
too thick (and impure), producing a gummy,  
viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in  
the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal,  
frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease.  
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes  
diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such  
a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is  
immensely increased. There is no doubt that  
where it has been taken in the earliest stages  
of a disease it has in many instances prevented  
what would otherwise have been a serious  
illness.

THE FATE OF A NATION WILL ULTIMATELY DEPEND UPON THE STRENGTH  
AND HEALTH OF THE POPULATION.—*Beaconsfield.*

## ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

### CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL SKOBELEFF!!

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is ONLY possible by the

### AID OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

"We ought to be friends. . . . Why should two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

### AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take  
No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup  
Of this, the perfect pick me up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,  
And still our health renew."

THE VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, and AUSTRALIA PROVES IT.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

PHENOMENAL HEALTH IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—"Cavendish Square, W., Oct. 26, 1894.—Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and, in my opinion, it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with 'mal de mer,' and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 27, 1871) of Sir William Ridley Charles Cooke, Bart., D.L., of Wheatley Park, near Doncaster, who died on Sept. 27, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Nov. 20 by Dame Harriet Blanche Juanita Georgina Cooke, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1873), with three codicils (dated Aug. 7, 1884; Nov. 22, 1885; and June 25, 1888), of Mr. Edward Sturt, of 89, Wood Street, merchant, and of Sonnenberg, Park Hill Road, Croydon, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 8 by Mrs. Harriet Sturt, the widow, and Edward Percy Sturt, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, household goods, consumable stores, live and dead stock, £500, his leasehold residence, Sonnenberg, subject to the mortgage thereon, and policies on his life for £5000 to his wife; £30,000 upon trust for his wife for life; and fifty guineas to his son Edward Percy as executor. The residue of his real and personal estate, including the £30,000 on the death of his wife, he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 6, 1893) of Mr. Edmund Beckwith Oxley, of Holmfield, Ripton, who died on Sept. 9, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Nov. 15 by Francis Dickson Wise and William Hanley Hutchinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, the widow and children of late house-servant, executors, and servants. His mansion house, Holmfield, and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his adopted son, Herbert Tinsley Taylor.

The will (dated June 21, 1891), with a codicil (dated April 11, 1893), of Mr. Joseph Richardson, of The Elms, Newark-on-Trent, and of 13, Hyde Park Mansions, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on Nov. 29 by Mrs. Mary Beatrice Garnett, the daughter, Robert Hodgkinson, and Francis Michael Greenep, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors; £200 to Mrs. Greenep; all his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his daughter Mary Beatrice Richardson; forty-two £100 shares in Warwicks and Richardson, Limited, upon trust, for his daughter Minnie Teresa Roche and her issue; and annuities of £120 each to Grace, the wife of his son Joseph Henry Richardson, and his son James Bernard Richardson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Beatrice Richardson, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1883), with four codicils (dated April 8 and Aug. 23, 1884, June 9, 1886, and Feb. 11, 1892), of Miss Mary Smith, of Watford Field, Watford, Herts, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Dec. 1 by

Henry Arlett Woolfries and George Green, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 to the vicar and churchwardens of Watford Town Hamlet, Herts, to be invested, and the income applied in the payment of five shillings per week each to the inmates of the Almshouses at Watford erected by her, and in keeping the Almshouses in repair; £100 to the Cottage Hospital, Maidenhead; £100 to the vicar and churchwardens of Bushey, Herts, the income to be applied by them in the purchase of clothes, to be distributed among poor people not resident in any almshouse; £50 each to the Church of England Watford Sunday Schools, the Coffee Tavern, High Street, Watford, and the Public Library, Queen Street, Watford; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her cousins, Caroline Sybilla Smith, Georgiana Elizabeth Griffith, Margaret Anne Smith, Ehretia Milton, and Harriet Espinasse.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1881), with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1890), of Mr. Octavius Sturges, M.D., Fellow and Senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, and Senior Physician to Westminster Hospital and to the Hospital for Sick Children, of 85, Wimpole Street, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Dec. 7 by the Rev. Edward Sturges, and the Rev. Arthur Smith Sturges, the brothers and surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £18,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 upon trust for his niece, Mary Ellen Sturges, her husband and children; and £200 each to his nephew and niece Lewis Lockwood and Minnie Lockwood. The residue of his estate he gives to his four brothers, Simon, Edward, Decimus, and Arthur; the children of any brother who may predecease him to take their parents' share, with the exception of his niece Mrs. May Sweeney Thornton, the daughter of his brother Simon, who is already sufficiently provided for.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 23, 1887) of the Right Hon. William Henry Ford Cogan, P.C., J.P., D.L., of Tinode, County Wicklow, who died on Sept. 28, granted to Mrs. Gertrude Mary Cogan, the widow, one of the executors, was resealed in London on Dec. 10, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £9726. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, she paying thereout a legacy to his sister and certain legacies she knows of; and he provides that if his sister Lucy should die before him, the money left to him by his sister Margaret is to be disposed of as she wished for charitable purposes.

The will and codicil of Mr. Walter Edmonbury Godfrey, J.P., of Romsey, in the county of Southampton, who died on July 31 at Torquay, have been proved by Mrs. Mary Maria Godfrey, the widow, and the Rev. Frederick Cornish, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8320.

The will of Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe, of Priory House, Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Nov. 24 by the Duke of Grafton, K.G., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2849.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In bidding farewell to Winchester, Dr. Kitchin said that nothing appeared to him so characteristic of the time as the steady growth of a friendly and tolerant spirit among those who, through temperament or education or capacity, held out sometimes apparently opposing views.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who has gone to San Francisco for a needed holiday, hopes to be able to do some work there both in preaching and in lecturing. Mr. Haweis is very popular in America.

A new electric organ has been ordered for Worcester Cathedral at a cost of £2338.

One of the most interesting facts in Dean Church's biography is that he was of a good Quaker stock. This may be thought to account in some measure for his wonderful calmness and self-control. It comes out incidentally that he took no holiday during the first six years of his incumbency in the little Somersetshire parish of Whatley. The biography is well done, but it may be thought too little is said about the Dean's literary career. There is, for example, practically no reference to his articles in the once influential *Christian Remembrancer*.

The death of Dr. Scott, formerly of Westminster School, has attracted comparatively little attention. Dr. Scott had one of those University careers which make a certain success in life almost inevitable. He was placed equal with the present Bishop of Durham as Senior Classic, he was Senior Chancellor's Medallist, and had a high place in the Mathematical Tripos, but he was unfortunate in his choice of sphere. Westminster School was a very difficult position when he undertook it, and it continued to be difficult. He had a certain success. There were 116 boys in the school when he came and nearly 240 when he left, but no one could possibly have achieved a triumph in the place, and it is possible that the result may have reacted on Dr. Scott and to a certain extent hindered his work.

Dr. Bernard has been appointed Donnellan Lecturer at Dublin next year, and his subject is announced as "The Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul."

The clergy and the Nonconformist ministers generally have stood aside as a rule from the new Parish Councils. It is pointed out that only seventeen clergymen and five Nonconformists have been appointed in a list of ninety-two uncontested parishes in Norfolk. This abstinence is perhaps wise. If the clergy are needed they can come forward later on.

At a service held recently in Christ Church, Cockerham, the Nonconformist ministers present were placed in the chancel, and one of them was appointed to read the lessons. Archdeacon Sinclair appeared the other Sunday on the platform of the West London Mission, which is under the control of Mr. Price Hughes.

At a recent meeting of the Council of King's College, a resolution was passed expressing grateful appreciation of the work of the late Canon Curteis as Professor in the Theological Faculty of the College. His name will ever be remembered with gratitude and honour.

V.

## A CHOICE PRESENT.

# CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

OF DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEAS.



Hampers containing 3 lb. of TEA each, at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s., 7s., 8s. 6d., and 12s.  
OF LEADING FAMILY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,**  
Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,  
65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

XMAS PRESENTS.  
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

**CLOCKS.**  
The Finest Stock in  
London, at Prices  
Lower than ever.

**JEWELLERY**  
A Large and Elegant  
Stock of  
Every Description.

**SILVER WATCHES**  
from £2.  
**GOLD WATCHES**  
from £5.

**£5**  
**THE CHEAPSIDE 1/4-PLATE**  
**KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,**  
With Chronometer Balance and  
Jewelled in thirteen actions, in  
strong Silver Case with Crystal  
Glass. The cheapest watch ever  
produced. Air, damp, and dust  
tight. Ditto, in Gold, £12.

**£5**  
**LADIES' GOLD**  
**KEYLESS WATCHES.**  
Perfect for time, beauty, and  
workmanship. With plain  
polished or richly engraved  
18-carat Gold Cases, fully  
Jewelled, strong Crystal  
Glass, air, damp, and dust  
tight.



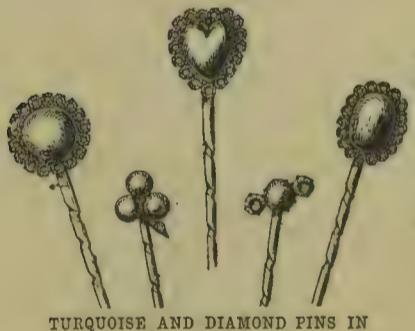
**£25**  
**LADIES' GOLD**  
**KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS.**  
In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-  
Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases,  
plain polished or richly engraved,  
1/4-plate, finely Jewelled movements,  
Chronometer Balance, specially  
adapted for all climates.

**£5**  
**PRESENTATION WATCHES,**  
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,  
to £250.  
**Arms and Inscriptions**  
emblazoned to order.  
Watches, Clocks, and Jewels  
repaired on the premises  
by experienced Workmen.

**£25**  
**A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 1/4-PLATE**  
**HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH,** accurately  
timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions.  
In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly  
emblazoned.  
Ditto in Silver, £15.

**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,**  
WATCH, CLOCK, & JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS, 65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

**GOLDSMITHS**  
AND  
**JEWELLERS.**



TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND PINS IN  
GREAT VARIETY, from £1 1s.

**CHRISTMAS**  
**PRESENTS.**  
THE  
LARGEST STOCK  
IN LONDON  
TO  
SELECT FROM.



DIAMOND CHÂTELAIN WATCH,  
from £35.

**SPECIAL**  
**DEPARTMENTS**  
FOR  
FITTED TRAVELLING  
AND  
DRESSING BAGS,  
CALENDAR WATCHES,  
CHÂTELAIN  
WATCHES,  
CARRIAGE CLOCKS,  
PHOTO FRAMES,  
and a variety of Novelties  
in Tortoiseshell and  
Silver,  
&c., &c.

**Streeter**

**LAPIDARIES,**  
ART  
MODELLERS.



TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND PINS IN  
GREAT VARIETY, from £1 1s.

**NEW YEAR'S**  
**PRESENTS.**



**SPECIAL**  
**DEPARTMENTS**  
FOR  
FITTED TRAVELLING  
AND  
DRESSING BAGS,  
CALENDAR WATCHES,  
CHÂTELAIN  
WATCHES,  
CARRIAGE CLOCKS,  
PHOTO FRAMES,  
and a variety of Novelties  
in Tortoiseshell and  
Silver,  
&c., &c.

**ALL**  
**PREVIOUS**  
**YEARS**  
**SURPASSED.**

# ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

For 100 years unsurpassed as the best and  
safest preserver of the hair, and is far preferable  
to other hair-restorers, which are really  
progressive dyes, and deposit a sediment on  
the scalp which fills up the pores; it  
preserves and

## BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,

arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the  
best Brilliantine for the whiskers and  
moustaches. Also sold in a

## GOLDEN COLOUR

for fair-haired ladies and children.

DON'T BE DECEIVED; don't think the hair  
can be preserved without using proper nourish-  
ment; all scientists assert that pure oil is  
necessary for preserving the hair, and  
Rowland's Macassar Oil is absolutely the best  
nourisher and strengthener one can use.

## BOTTLES

3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal  
to 4 small).



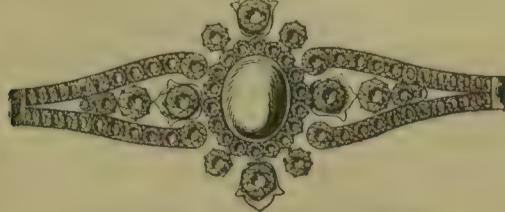
# ROWLANDS' ODONTO

An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentifrice, which Prevents and Arrests Decay.

## IT WHITENS THE TEETH.

All dentists will allow that neither washes nor pastes can possibly be as efficacious for  
polishing the teeth and keeping them sound and white as a pure and non-gritty tooth-  
powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be. Ask for Rowlands'  
Odonto, 20, Hatton Garden, London. 2s. 9d.

Avoid cheap spurious Odontos, which scratch and ruin the Enamel.



TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND BRACELET.

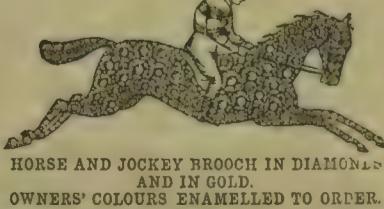


TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND AIGRETTE COMB.  
Can also be supplied Mounted with Cabochon Rubies, Sapphires,  
Emeralds, or Opals.

STREETER'S CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES  
FREE ON APPLICATION.



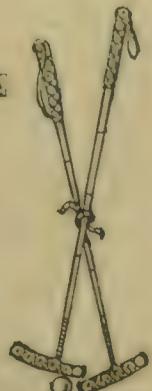
TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND BRACELET.



HORSE AND JOCKEY BROOCH IN DIAMONDS  
AND IN GOLD.  
OWNERS' COLOURS ENAMELLED TO ORDER.



DIAMOND COACHING BROOCH.



DIAMOND COLLIE BROOCH.  
POLO DESIGNS  
A SPECIALITY.



DIAMOND POMERANIAN  
BROOCH.

POLO MODELS OF ALL  
KINDS.

GOLF MODELS  
A SPECIALITY.

Telegrams: "Safeguard, London."

18,

NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

Telephone:  
35,298.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

For many years past we have not had so busy a Christmas season or one in which so many plays of the first importance were in active preparation. As a rule, and I know it has been the case with me for more years than I care to mention, it has always been possible to get away and see the old year out and the new year in at some peaceful and retired spot away—far away—from the noise of London and the glare of the footlights. When Boxing Day was well over, when these columns and columns of amusement notes and recollections of the past year and dramatic biographies had been safely handed over to the printers, it was always possible to pack up and be off for the "week end" as they say in the North, which meant the year end on this occasion. But this year the managers are inexorable. They won't let us off for a day or an hour, for scarcely will the pantomimes and Christmas pieces and ballets and Olympias be started ere we shall have to be ready to review Mr. Grundy's new play, "The Slaves of the Ring," to which Mr. Hare is putting the finishing touches at the Garrick, and the new comedy of the last century, written by Mr. Henry James for Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's; whilst the year will not have advanced very far before Mr. Henry Irving is ready with the beautiful "King Arthur" by Mr. Comyns Carr, and one of those feasts of colour, taste, and decorative art to which we have grown accustomed at the Lyceum. With all this in the immediate future holidays are out of the question. They must be spent with the desk and the drama.

If all the Christmas pieces are as beautiful and artistic as the ballet at the Alhambra founded on the old story of

"Ali Baba," the children will have no need to complain. "The children?" you will ask. "Why, what have the children to do with the Alhambra or the Empire, or indeed with any variety theatre?" Perhaps you do not know, then, that the morning performances at both the Leicester Square houses are crowded with children, who enjoy to the full the ballets, the spectacles, the clowns, the acrobats, the jugglers, and so on. In fact, it is a kind of pantomime in detachments, and as such is thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Alfred Moul, who in the really beautiful Alhambra ballet scores his first conspicuous victory, has been able, by scouring the Continent, to secure an entirely new feature, which is called an aerial ballet. It is a development of the well-known aerial flight first shown by Mlle. Zene at several London theatres. But in the Alhambra ballet not one fairy but half a dozen rise from the ground and flutter gracefully over their companions, the arrangement of colour, gauzy veils, and flowers being wholly admirable and artistic. Why, I can remember in the long-ago days of the Planché extravaganzas at the Lyceum that it was thought very wonderful when fairies were discovered, when property flowers expanded. What would Madame Vestris and Oscar Byrne, her ballet-master, have thought of swinging and flying and floating fairies, who make a kind of arch of beauty over their companion dancers? What with the new arrangement of lighting the stage, what with sidelights and magic-lanterns and prismatic hues and polychromatic effects, what with the exquisite colours that now decorate the modern spectacle, what with flying fairies and aerial ballets, it would appear as if art does not stand still on the stage, but, on the contrary, is progressing wonderfully.

Sir Augustus Harris, as usual, has his hands pretty full this Christmas. He has designed a pantomime for

Old Drury somewhat on the old lines, with fun allied to poetic fancy on the good old story of "Dick Whittington and his Cat." The fun in the clever text has been supplied by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and the poetry by Mr. Henry Hamilton, and Sir Augustus has, as usual, been able to avail himself of the pick of the best music-hall talent. Miss Ada Blanche and Miss Melrose are the principals, both clever and pretty young ladies who can sing and act also. No one can doubt the comedy powers of Miss Ada Blanche who ever heard her sing "The Gentleman from London Town"; while Miss Melrose comes up to London with a great reputation from the provinces. Mr. Herbert Campbell, a Drury Lane favourite with the children of many years' standing, will be found at his old post again, and with him the active little Dan Leno and the delightfully funny Griffiths Brothers, who with the comic donkey are quite as popular with the youngsters as is that comical pony at the Empire, who talks, sings, pretends to lash out at his master the clown, but reserves his kicking energy for a groom who is his special detestation. No one ought to miss seeing the little skewbald pony at the Empire.

With the new Alhambra ballet, the Drury Lane annual, and the Lyceum "Santa Claus" in direct competition, it will be difficult indeed to award the prize for beauty this year. Mr. Oscar Barrett, manager, musician, and all-round artist, has been at work again on "Santa Claus" with experienced and versatile Horace Lennard. Alas! they have no Ellaline Terriss this year, but they have got Hawes Craven for the scenery and Katti Lanner for the ballets. They have secured the services of old friends like William Rignold, Susie Vaughan, Victor Stevens, and Clara Jecks; while the principal boy and girl will be taken by Kitty Loftus and Rosa Leyton.

# FROM SUNNY CEYLON

## LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEAS

have reached a pinnacle of success never before attained by any other teas in the world, and their increasing popularity **IN EVERY HOME** is the surest test of their appreciation by the public.

If you wish to enjoy a Cup of Tea that Excels All Others,

## DRINK ONLY LIPTON'S TEAS,

THE MOST POPULAR OF THE AGE.

### DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.

NOTE THE PRICES. RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT.

UNPARALLELED  
SUCCESS.

1/- and 1/4 per lb.

ENORMOUS  
DEMAND.

THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

NO HIGHER PRICE. per 1/7 lb. NO HIGHER PRICE.

**LIPTON, TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.**  
**THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.**

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprasie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Salerooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufactory: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C. Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E.

GENERAL OFFICES: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

**LARGEST TEA SALE IN THE WORLD.**

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.  
CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.  
SAMPLES AND PRICE-LISTS POST FREE.  
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Children's 1/3 doz. | HEMSTITCHED. | Ladies' 2/3 doz.  
Ladies' 2/3 " | Ladies' 2/3 doz.  
Gents' 3/3 " | Gents' 3/3 "  
"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame." —The Queen.

S.Sainsbury's

Sold throughout the Country.

Manufactory: 176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON. Established 1839.

Prices, 1s. to 16s. 6d., &c.

Lavender Water

**COSMOSINE**

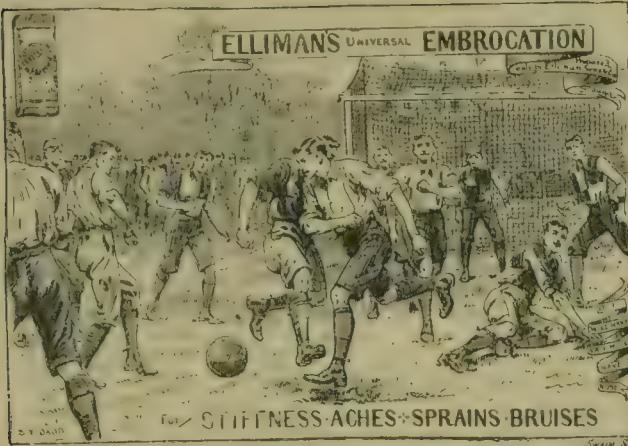
THE ANTISEPTIC SALINE FOR THE BATH & TOILET-WATER, IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.

Refreshing and Invigorating; Delightful to the Skin.  
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Granby Row, Manchester.  
Order through Chemists, Perfumers' Stores Everywhere.  
Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.

"There's nothing like leather" (wash-leather)

Yes! "SELVYT"

The New Polishing Cloth  
and Duster.

**Accident.**

Mr. F. H. LEES, New Zealand, writes: "Dawson's Hotel, Riccarton, September 10, 1894.—"On mounting my horse a couple of weeks ago it bolted, and came down with me upon a wooden bridge, severely twisting and bruising my foot and shoulder. I obtained a bottle of Elliman's and applied it every few hours, with the result that on the second day I could get about again, and a week after rode here fifty miles."

**Severe Pains.**

Mrs. S. DALLINGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bournemouth, writes: "A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

**Aches and Pains.**

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes: "When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."—23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, October 29, 1894.

**Lumbago.**

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your 'Embrocation,' and its effect has been magical."

**Football.**

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

**Rheumatism.**

EUGENE WOLF, Esq., Antananarivo, Madagascar, writes: "I contracted severe rheumatism in both legs; H.B.M. Vice-Consul here made me a present of a bottle of your Embrocation, which has cured me within a week."—July 31, 1894.

**Sore Throat from Cold.**

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

**THE QUEEN OF TOILET PREPARATIONS**

FOR WINTER USE IS

**IT PRESERVES THE SKIN**

from the effects of Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, and Inferior Soaps.

Removes and Prevents all Redness, Roughness, Chaps, Irritation, &amp;c.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION and SOFT VELVET SKIN are ensured by its use.

Beware of Injurious Imitations. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the only genuine. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either Size, post free 3d. extra, from the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.

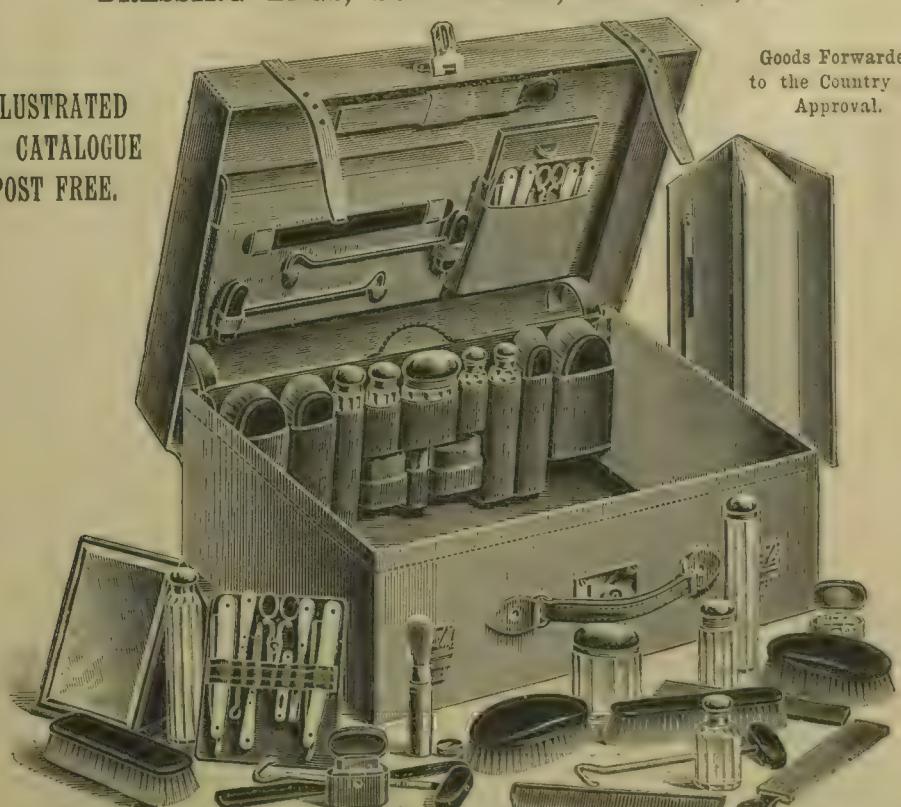
**MAPPIN BROTHERS'**

ONLY { 220, REGENT STREET, W.  
LONDON { & 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.)  
ADDRESSES:

Inspection is Invited of the Largest and Finest Stock in the World of  
DRESSING BAGS, SUIT CASES, KIT BAGS, &c.

Goods Forwarded  
to the Country on  
Approval.

ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE  
POST FREE.

**MAPPIN BROTHERS' SOLID LEATHER DRESS SUIT CASE.**

22 in. Lined Leather, fitted with Nickel-Mounted Toilet Bottles, solid Ebony Brushes, fine Cutlery, &c., £12 12s.

If with Solid Silver Mounts, instead of Nickel, £13 13s.

66, Cheapside, E.C.; 220, Regent St., W.; & Queen's Works, Sheffield.



## ART NOTES.

One cannot but feel grateful to the President of the Alpine Club for bringing together such an interesting collection of mountain paintings and photographs as is to be seen at the Conduit Street Galleries. It has often been said—especially by artists—that Switzerland is the most picturesque and the most unpaintable country in Europe. It was with such apprehension that the Alpine Club decided to cast its net this year over a wider space than is covered by the range of Swiss mountains to which we give the name of Alps. By this expansion of terms Mr. Douglas Freshfield has been able to include pictures from Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the Lake district, and, coming even nearer home, Primrose Hill itself, as it was in the days of John Glover, at the beginning of the present century. Mr. G. F. Watts has also been enlisted, and the owners of his Italian landscapes have lent some delightful pictures of North Italian and Mediterranean scenery. Another Academician, Mr. Marcus Stone, also appears as a landscape-painter, and many who see his picture of "The Lake of Brienz" may regret that he does

not oftener turn his talents to actual work. Mr. W. B. Richmond is represented by his studies in Greece; Signor Costa and Mr. Ridley Corbet by their scenes on the Tuscan plains, behind which the Carrara mountains are seen rising through the sunset glow; Mr. J. M. Swan appears holding up the beauties of the Pyrenees, and Mr. Herkomer supporting the claims of the Bavarian and Tyrolean highlands. Among the few Swiss-born artists—interesting on account of their rarity—M. Calamé, born at Vevey, M. Ritz, of Sion, and J. J. Zelgar, of Stanz, deserve to be mentioned; but probably the honour to be regarded as Alpine painters in the stricter sense will have to be divided between M. G. Loppé and Mr. Elijah Walton, although the late Lord Monkswell was in many ways—as an amateur—a formidable competitor. Of these and many score of others, among whom should be mentioned Mr. E. Lear, the author of the inimitable books of nonsense, there are numerous works in this highly attractive exhibition.

In this age of universal reproduction it is difficult to keep pace with the various sources and methods of art

engraving. The series now brought forward by Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin, Glasgow, and Manchester, is produced by the photogravure process of Meisenbach, Riffarth, and Co., of Berlin, of which the chief merit lies in the delicacy of touch which it conveys. The subjects of the Lafayette series are more popular on the Continent, especially in Germany, than they have been hitherto in this country. It remains, however, to be seen how far and how firmly this style of art will obtain a footing here. As a rule, our tastes have somewhat changed since the days when Mr. Frank Stone and the circle of painters who gathered round him supplied us liberally with specimens of "pastoral passionate" and piscatorial romantic art. These works, however, at the time were amazingly popular, although, from the difficulties and expense of reproduction in those days, the public to whom they appealed was undoubtedly restricted. The chief object—and in some respects it is a merit—of this process of photogravure, is that it revives the impressions formerly obtainable only by means of lithography. Good lithographs are valuable for many reasons, but the inevitable wearing of the stone made the latter impressions

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS.

The ONLY ADDRESS of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE CARTER.

CARTER 6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.,  
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

## LITERARY MACHINE

For holding a book or writing desk, lamp, &c., in any position over an easy chair, bed or sofa, obviating fatigue and stooping, while reading or writing. Invaluable to invalids and students. A most useful gift.

PRICES from £1.1s.

## BREAKFAST-IN-BED TABLES

Adjustable to any height or inclination, for reading or writing. PRICES from £2. 5s.

## INVALID COMFORTS

Carrying Chairs from £1. Hospital & Street Ambulance.

Leg Rests, 10s. Reclining Boards, £1. 5s.

Trapped Commodes £1.

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS from £2. 2s.

Bed Rests, 10s.

Bed Baths, 15s.

## WALKING MACHINE for the Paralysed.

Exercising Chairs, £5. 5s. Crutches, 10s. 6d. Electric Bells, £1. Urinals for Bed, 3s. 6d. Bed Lifts, £3. 10s. Portable W.C.'s, £6. Invalid's Robe.

Adjustable Couches and Beds £3

Perambulators Rubber Tyres £1. 15s.

## IRON INVALID CHAIRS &amp; CARRIAGES

FOR HOT CLIMATES.

## BATH CHAIRS from £1.5/-

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

ANTWERP EXHIBITION—AWARDED GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR TO

JOHN CARTER, 6A, NEW CAVENDISH ST.,  
PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

Mild in Operation, Perfectly Safe, and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S

Trade Mark.

It is not claimed that these Camomile Pills will cure all diseases, but they have for the past 100 YEARS CURED

INDIGESTION SICK HEADACHE BILIOUSNESS DEBILITY STOMACH and LIVER COMPLAINTS. Ask for NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, and do not accept a substitute. Bottles, 1. 1s., 2s., & 1s., of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Prepared by NORTON'S, LIMITED, 21, Spital Square, London, E.

## NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

SPLENDID TONIC.

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes. Preserving, Strengthening and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Searf, Dandruff, &c.

PREVENTS THE HAIR FALLING OFF AND TURNING GREY.

The World-Renowned Remedy for

## BALDNESS

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes. Preserving, Strengthening and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Searf, Dandruff, &c.

Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients. 1s., 2s., and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE," 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

TO-DAY'S FASHIONS IN  
MOURNING ATTIRE.

ALSO ELEGANT DRESS NOVELTIES  
IN ALL NEUTRAL SHADES.

PETER ROBINSON,  
256 TO 264, REGENT ST.



JOY'S CIGARETTES afford immediate relief in cases of ASTHMA, WHEEZING, and WINTER COUGH, and a little perseverance will effect a permanent cure. Universally recommended by the most eminent physicians and medical authors. Agreeable to use, certain in their effects, and harmless in their action, they may be safely smoked by ladies and children.

All Chemists and Stores, box of 35, 2s. 6d., or post free from WILCOX & CO., 239, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

DIAMONDS VALUED OR PURCHASED  
OR EXCHANGED.

Also VALUABLE PEARLS, GOLD JEWELLERY, ANTIQUE and PRESENTATION SILVER.

SPINK & SON, 17 & 18, PICCADILLY, W.  
(Corner of Air Street).

And at 1 & 2, GRACECHURCH ST., CORNHILL, E.C., Respectfully announce that they have a Special Department for the Accurate Valuation or Purchase of the above.

ESTABLISHED 1772. APPOINTMENTS MADE IF DESIRED.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP  
FOOD WARMERS.

Prices, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water-vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. All are fitted with

CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and it prevents spilling when poured into a feeding-bottle—so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

CLARKE'S "Pyramid" Night Lights

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c.

BURN NINE HOURS.

In Box, containing 8 Lights, 8s. per Box. N.B.—No paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of Clarke's Lights.

SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD.,  
LONDON, N.W., where all Letters should be addressed.



## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

London, Brighton, & South Coast Railway. ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS for distances under 12 miles issued on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Wednesday, and those issued at any time for distances from 12 to 50 miles eight days; and for distances over 50 miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 21, 22, and 23, to or from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Thursday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT. EXTRA TRAINS Dec. 22 and 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 3.45 p.m., and London Bridge 5 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, 1½ miles; Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (1, 2, and 3 Class). Also to New and Old Cowes (Dec. 24 only).

On MONDAY, DEC. 24, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 7.25 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.5 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8.45 a.m. Fast Train to London (1, 2, and 3 Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Cars are run in these Trains, returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Special Cheap Fare, including Pullman Car, 12s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.20 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.

The Company's West-End Booking Offices: 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

Cook's, Tourist, 82, Regent Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 12, Oxford Street, and Bond Street.

Great Tux, 142, Strand, and Wimpole Grove.

Hays' City Agency: 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

Jenkins': 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottting Hill Gate.

Myers': 343, Gray's Inn Road and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores: Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

For Further Particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W. PROFESSOR J. A. FLEMING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., will, on THURSDAY next (Dec. 27), at THREE o'clock, begin a course of Six Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on "THE WORK OF AN ELECTRIC CURRENT." Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea; Children under Sixteen, Half-a-Guinea; to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may now be obtained at the Institution.

LYCEUM. Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING. On BOXING NIGHTS, and afterwards DAILY, MATINEES ONLY.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, SANTA CLAUS.

Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5. Seats may be secured by letter or telegram.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Production of the GRAND SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME BLUE BLUE BEARD, on SATURDAY, DEC. 22, at 3. Written by Horace Lenard. Scenery by J. Pritchard Barrett. Ballets arranged by Madame Katti Lanier. Dresses specially designed by Wilhelm, and executed by Madame D'Orlean and Mrs. S. May. The Music composed and arranged and the entire Pantomime invented, arranged and produced by Oscar Barrett. Performances on Christmas Eve, Boxing Day, and every afternoon at 3; also Thursday and Saturday evenings, at 7.30. Numbered seats, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.; unnumbered, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS. PIANOFORTES. For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM. Pianos exchanged.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS, Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS. Thomas Oetzmam and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is 27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street. PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH. Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best makers is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. S. 27, Baker Street, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street, W. PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas Oetzmam and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale, HIRE, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

GOOD SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS. Returned from Hire, GREAT SALE. Grands and Cottages, Broadwood's, Collard's, Erard's, and other makers. From £10 to £100. Send for Descriptive Catalogues. All Pianos packed free, and sent to any part.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE (Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Medieval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM. Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.; letters, 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free. T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT FRUIT. NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW. Eighty Acres in Stock.

SEEDS. THE BEST PROCURABLE. Lists free. ROSES. HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order. 8s. per doz., 60s. per 100. All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz. Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres. Four Acres of Glass. Clematis (80,000) from 15/- per doz.

N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE (164 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, sent free.

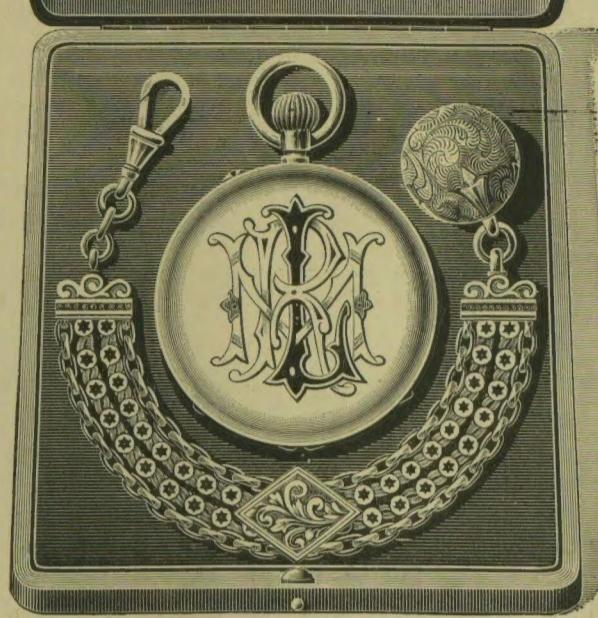
RICHARD SMITH & CO. WORCESTER

## BENSON'S WATCHES.

Awarded 12 Prize Medals.

Guaranteed for Accuracy, Strength, Durability, and Value.

J. W. BENSON'S  
PRESENTATION  
WATCHES FOR  
LADIES.



Gold Lady's Watch, in 18-ct. Gold Cases, Crystal Glass, richly Engraved or Plain Polished Case, Strong Keyless Action, an Excellent Timekeeper. With short Gold Albert Chain, in Case complete,

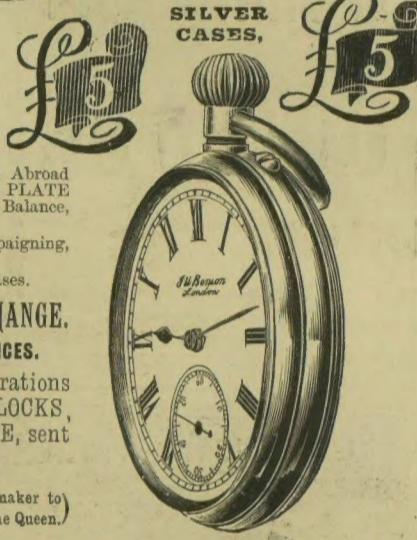
£6 15s.

"SPECIAL MAKE"  
LADY'S LEVER WATCH  
complete in Case, with massive Gold Albert,

£15.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.  
3000 in Stock,  
AT ALL PRICES, from £1 to £1000.

See Illustrated Pamphlet.



BENSON'S  
KEYLESS  
"BANK" WATCH

Is a good Knockabout Watch for Rough Wear at Home and Abroad at a Low Price. Best London made, THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER, with Strong Keyless Action, Chronometer Balance, and mounted in Rubies. Each part interchangeable.

An Exact Timekeeper. Suitable for use Shooting, Campaigning, Hunting, School use, and Rough Wear generally.

Price £5, in Extra Strength Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases.

OLD WATCHES and JEWELLERY TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL ON RECEIPT OF REFERENCES.

BENSON'S BOOK, containing Prices and Illustrations of every class of WATCH, from £2 2s. to £500, CLOCKS, CHAINS, GOLD and GEM JEWELLERY and PLATE, sent post free on Application to

J. W. BENSON (Watchmaker to H.M. the Queen.)

STEAM FACTORY—62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., LONDON.

NEW STORY BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. NOTICE.—The CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JANUARY contains the Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story by HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, entitled "THE SOWERS."

Now Ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 139. THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JANUARY, containing THE SOWERS, by Henry Seton Merriman, Chaps. I. to III.—AN EDITOR'S LETTER—WINTER AT THE HOSPICE—THE LOST DUCHESS—OUR ANCIENT ALMSHOUSES—THE PRIMA DONNA—A FATAL RESERVATION, by R. O. Prowse, Book III., Chaps. IX. to XIII.

London: SMITH, ELDEE, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

MONTECARLO.

WINTER SEASON.

As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

WHERE TO WINTER.

BIARRITZ. GRAND HOTEL. Lifted fully up. Charmingly situated facing the ocean. The climate is as mild and delightful as that of Nice and Italy. This splendid establishment, facing the sea and baths, the finest situation in the town, close to golf and lawn-tennis, is famed for its great comfort, its convenience, its convenience, its convenience, and other hotels in the district is frequented by the elite, and is the rendezvous of the English colony. During the winter season the terms are from 10fr. per day, according to floors occupied. All private rooms are carpeted. Great improvements have been introduced in the Grand Hotel, with a view to satisfying all the comforts which travellers may desire. Calorifiers have been fixed up to heat the entire house. A special omnibus meets travellers for the Grand Hotel at the arrival of the train. Address Mr. MONTENAT, Grand Hotel, Biarritz.

TOURS.—JAPAN, CHINA, CANADA, UNITED STATES, AUSTRALIA, ROUND THE WORLD, through the Grandest Scenery on Earth. Fastest, Finest, only Twin-screw Steamers on the Pacific.—For Tickets, Free Pamphlets, Maps, apply Passenger Department.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,  
67, King William Street, London, E.C.; or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH. Daily yield, 507,600 gallons. Natural temp., 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says:

"They are the most complete in Europe." They include Mineral, Vapour, Douche with Massage, Dry and Damp, and Doucheuses from Continental Spas, Niedliche Baths, Paraffinisation, Sun, Dry and Moist Heat, Humane, and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Bath Daily in the Pump-Room. Address MANAGER for every information.

OLD SHIRTS REFRONTED, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.

"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD and CO., Makers of Specialities in Shirts for Evening Wear. With one, two, or three holes set in front.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, E.C.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD and CO. have an immense stock ready made. 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½ inch neck. Fine linen, 5s. 6d.; superior, 7s. 6d.; curiously fine, 9s. 6d. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—THE "EUREKA" DOUBLE SHRUNK Fannel Shirts for Gentlemen. Patterns to select from 4s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. Three sent "carriage free" in United Kingdom.—RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES. An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired, Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. ed., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.

IS NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

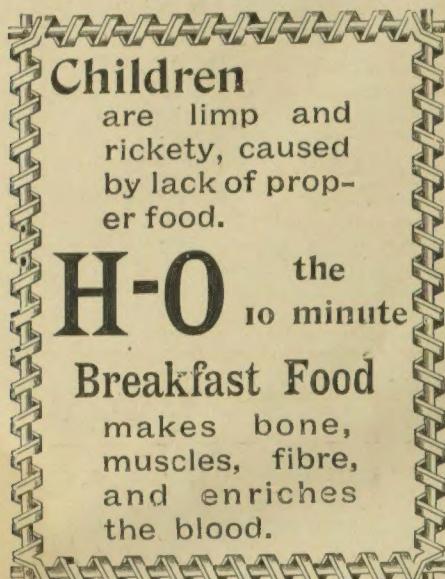
practically valueless. This is now avoided, for every print will have the same softness and sharpness. There is a wide field for the dissemination of works of this character, and Messrs. Lafayette are prompt in putting forward their claims.

Messrs. Frost and Reed (Bristol) are not long in following up the success which attended the production of Mr. A. J. Elsley's picture, "I've biggest"; and the new episode of child-life, "So Tired," which has just been published, makes an excellent companion work. It is evident that the romps of the small child and her large

companion—a fine St. Bernard dog—have reached their inevitable climax, and the mixture of real triumph on the part of the child and the admirably simulated exhaustion of her playfellow are quite in keeping with truth—as those who have ever watched playmates of this kind can abundantly testify. Another work, issued by the same publishers, "The Brook He Loved," belongs to a very different school of art. The picture by Mr. E. W. Waite has found a sympathetic translator in Mr. David Law, who has seldom been seen to better advantage than in this clear and bright etching. The sparkling brook breaking out through the moss and

bracken, the light struggling through the overhanging branches, are features with which Mr. Law knows how to deal, and his sure eye and ready hand have not failed him on this occasion.

Information has been received by the Wesleyan Missionary Society that one of their medical missionaries, the Rev. Dr. Wenyon, visiting the circuits of Wesleyan foreign missions, has been imprisoned three weeks in Turkey on a charge of active sympathy with the persecuted Christians of Armenia. He has now been set at liberty, and is continuing his journey to China.



#### STATHAM'S WATERPROOFS.



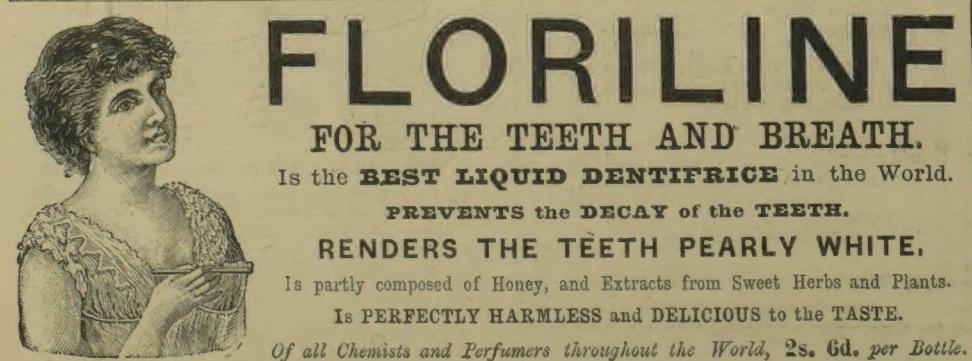
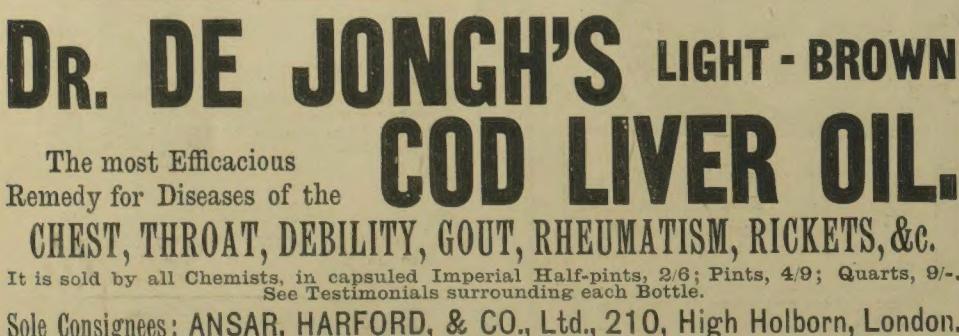
## LAURENT-PERRIER'S "SANS-SUCRE."

In a comparative analysis made by the BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Laurent-Perrier's "Sans-Sucre" proved to be "THE ONLY CHAMPAGNE WITHOUT ANY SUGAR ADDED TO IT," in other words, the only really BRUT CHAMPAGNE.

This natural high-class Sugar-Free Champagne is sold by Wine Merchants, &c., at 84s. per dozen quarts, 45s. pints, under the name of LAURENT-PERRIER'S "SANS-SUCRE" (Grand Vin-Brut, 1889).

The same wine is also used by Messrs. Laurent-Perrier et Cie., of Bouzy-Reims, the actual growers, as the vehicle for Coca Extract in their "Coca-Tonic Champagne," so highly recommended by the medical profession as a powerful Nerve and Brain Tonic and Stimulant, and as the quickest restorative for all forms of weakness and debility. Of all Chemists, Quarter-Bottle, 2s.; Half-Bottle, 3s. 9d.; and Bottle, 7s. Also of Wine Merchants.

Both Wines are on sale at all the Gordon and Bailey's Hotels, the Savoy, &c., and at all Messrs. Spiers and Pond's Establishments, the Holborn Restaurant, Frascati's, St. James's Hotels, &c. Sole Consignees: HERTZ and COLLINGWOOD, 4, SUSSEX PLACE, LONDON, E.C.



## COSTUMES FOR FANCY-DRESS BALLS.

Novel and Original Designs made to Order.

### DOMINOES

EMBROIDERED SILK HOSE,  
GLOVES, FANS, &c.

## Kodak

Across Asia on  
... a Bicycle.

An interesting series of articles descriptive of a journey from Constantinople to Pekin with wheel and Kodak has been appearing in the *Century*. The authors, Messrs. Allen and Sachleben, pluckily made their way through the semi-barbarous interior and brought back a magnificent series of Kodak views, many of which are reproduced in the *Century*. In a recent letter they say:

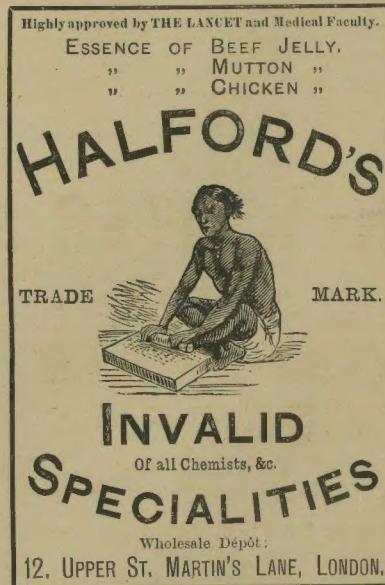
### 2500 Kodak Pictures.

"The Kodak was carried over our shoulders on a bicycle journey of 15,000 miles, a feat that would have been impossible with an ordinary hand camera and the necessary supply of glass plates. We secured some 2500 unique and valuable photographs with the Kodak on our route through the interior countries of the Asiatic Continent—Asia Minor, Persia, Turkestan and China—and have no hesitation in saying that the photographic success of our journey was due largely to the excellence of that instrument."

Price from £1 6s. 0d.

Send for Kodak Catalogue.

Eastman Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,  
LONDON & PARIS.



### ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES

by the Steam-ships LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, and GARONNE, 3876 tons register, from LONDON, as under:

For TENERIFFE, the WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BERMUDA, AND THE CANALS.

Leaving Jan. 16, Returning March 18.

For MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT. Feb. 20, Returning April 17.

For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c. Leaving March 27, Returning May 13.

For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c. Leaving April 20, Returning May 29.

String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, high-class Cuisine.

Managers { ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. } Fenchurch Avenue, Head Offices.

For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

## ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, & WHOOPING COUGH

Radically cured by the use of ZEMATONE.

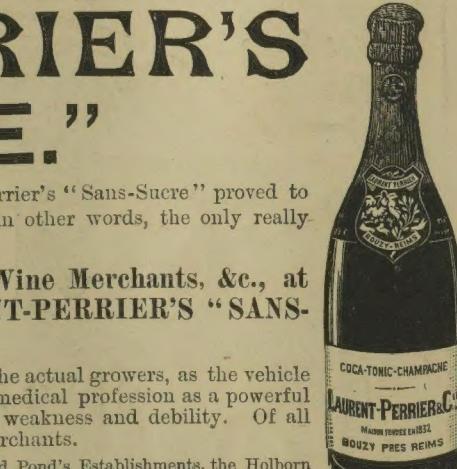
To be obtained of all Chemists, price 2/6 per box.

Sample box sent post free on receipt of four penny stamps, to anyone mentioning this Paper.

O. FANYAU & CO.,  
90, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

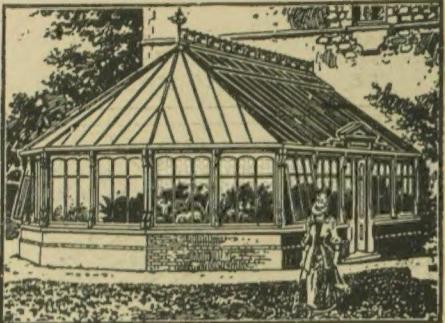
WANTED, STAMPS.—I buy old British in quantity, cash, unused (all kinds) in full, and pay highest price for foreign ones, in books, on letters, or loose. Please call or send particulars.

W. RIDOUT, 120, Newgate Street, E.C.



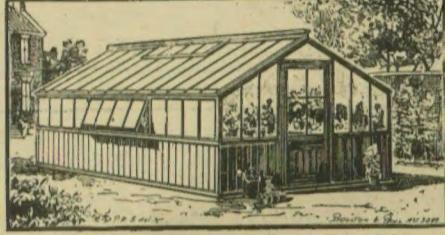


BOULTON & PAUL,  
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS,  
NORWICH.



CONSERVATORIES, VINERIES,  
GREENHOUSES, GARDEN FRAMES,  
BOILERS, PIPES, & FITTINGS.

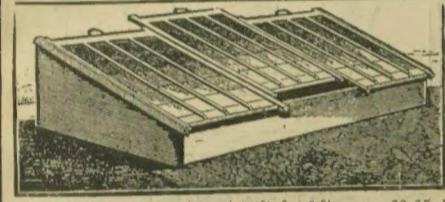
No. 49a.  
AMATEUR'S SPAN-ROOF GREENHOUSE.



10 ft. by 8 ft. Painted and Glazed, Price £10 10s.,  
Carriage Paid.

PIT (6 ft. by 4 ft., Painted and Glazed, 13s. 6d. each.  
LIGHTS) " Unpainted and Unglazed, 6s. each.

No. 75.—MELON and CUCUMBER FRAME.

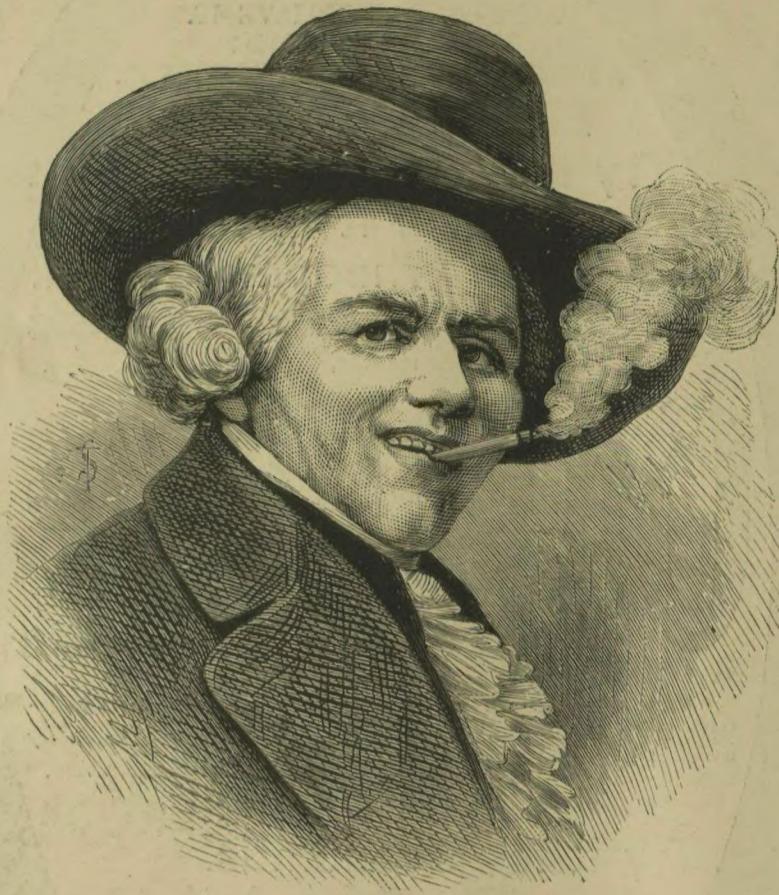


4 ft. by 6 ft. £1 15 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. £3 15 0  
8 ft. by 6 ft. 2 15 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. 4 15 0

No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME, 6 ft. by 4 ft., 30s.  
Similar to No. 75, with two lights.

CARRIAGE PAID on Orders of 40s. value to  
Stations in England and  
Wales; also to Dublin, Cork, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

# RICHMOND GEM



## CIGARETTES.

UNEQUALLED  
FOR DELICACY AND FLAVOR.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.  
EPPS'S  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
COCOA  
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

## FOR COUGHS



TRADE MARK.

## POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED

For ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NIGHT  
COUGH, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS  
AND ALL  
LUNG TROUBLES.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

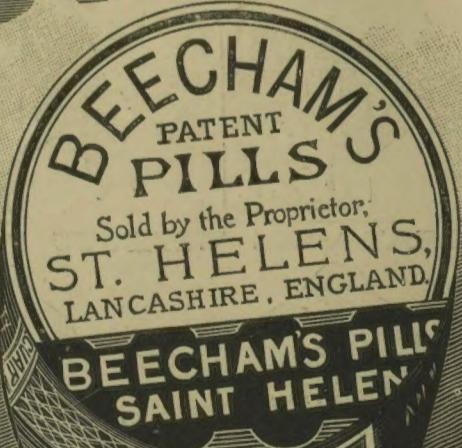
Established 70 Years.

See Trade Mark on Wrappers. Beware of Imitations.  
SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.  
In Bottles, 1/14, 2/3, 4/6, and 11/-.  
Warehouse 1, Albion Place, Blackfriars Rd., London.

# A WORD IN YOUR

TAKE

# BEECHAM'S PILLS



If you have already tried "BEECHAM'S PILLS," you cannot do better than put a word in your friend's ear. The proprietor does not buy, or publish testimonials. "BEECHAM'S PILLS" recommend themselves, or they would not be the most popular medicine after 50 years' trial.